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SOUNDINGS

A Novel in Seven Installments — I

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"Life is an uncharted ocean. The cautious mariner must needs take many soundings 'ere he conduct his barque to port in safety."

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

IT was half past five in the morning. The village was stretching itself. Thin spirals of blue smoke began to creep out of first one chimney, then another. From inside cow-byres came the subdued rattle of chains and the swish of cows being milked. One by one the animals came out into the dewy paddocks with that peculiar low mumble as though grumbling to themselves.

"'Ullo Curly!" The speaker was an upstanding youth who emerged from the Fields' barn carrying two brimming buckets of milk. His roving eye had caught sight of Fred Collins, cap in hand, moving swiftly and noiselessly across the grass. "Where be goin'?"

Fred started and moved the cap behind him. "Nowheres," he answered. "Be back in a minute."

Young Fields laughed knowingly. "Aye, 'taint far!"

The back of the other lad's neck felt uncomfortably red as he hurried along without further reply. His fair hair curled closely, — hence the nickname that stuck like a burr. This morning, carrying his cap gingerly, he made a short cut over hedge and ditch and fetched up in the lane by the Hawthorne cottage. Here he looked quickly up and down and then raised the latch of the gate, silent

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as a burglar. There was no smoke coming from the chimney. It was still too early, he knew, for the gentry. Yet he tiptoed along the flags almost furtively, glancing at the upstairs windows, which were open, with unconcealed anxiety. The sun was already on the brass knocker. Curly winked back at it, and from the cap drew forth something protected by two large cabbage leaves, still wet with dew. He laid them down on the doorstep and in another moment was gone.

The only observers of this visitation were a family of swallows, the bottom of whose nest made it necessary to open or close the upstairs window with infinite care.

Their shrill twitterings at last drew a response from inside the room. There was a deep sigh, a stirring, a rustle of sheets, and a girl sat up in bed and looked at her wrist watch. For a moment she blinked, then, with a devastating yawn, gave a scramble and was up on her feet.

Nancy Hawthorne was eighteen and tall for her age and, when she had unbraided and brushed out her two plaits, was the possessor of a mane of chestnut hair that seemed, sometimes, as if it were on fire. Her straight nose was her father's. The mouth and eyes were her mother's. With a vigor that was peculiarly her own she pulled off her nightgown and began to climb into a one-piece bathing costume.

She emerged presently and hammered on the door across the landing. "Hellow, Dad! . . . Coming for a swim?"

The reply was a monosyllable, definable perhaps as a grunt. Nancy smiled and went downstairs. The usual noises were taking place in the kitchen, — the slurring of stove-lid and kettle. "How soon breakfast, Weeksie?"

The voice of Mrs. Weeks survived the clatter. "Bout 'alf an hour, dearie. Don't be long."

Nancy opened the front door. The two cabbage leaves were sitting there.

A smile played with the corners of her lips as she stooped and lifted the top leaf. A mound of strawberries made a splodge of color on the bottom one. She ate one, and carried the rest into the cottage. Then with a flash of bare legs beneath the raincoat she ran down the lane and across the meadow to the bathing pool that gleamed in the sun like a turquoise.

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As she raced up and halted breathless on the edge, there was a stirring behind a willow.

Curly came out.

"'Ullo Miss Nancy!" he said.

Nancy stood, her hand at the button of her raincoat. "Hullo!"

Curly's eyes flashed to her face and away again. That was the worst of it. He always felt loutish and tongue-tied when he did see her. He didn't know enough to define it as class-consciousness, but although he and Nancy had sat side by side in the parochial school as children under the same teacher, there was always something about her that told him more plainly than any words that she belonged to a different world. Nevertheless his dream of her remained.

"Curly, I'm ashamed of you!" said Nancy. "But all the same I'm going to love those strawberries when I get back to breakfast." Her frank smile was delicious.

The lad grinned. "I thought you would," he said. "I picked the best 'uns. And no one won't know unless you tell!" While she was busy tucking her hair into a bathing cap his eyes worshipped her. As she raised both her arms behind her head the curve of breast in the tight green bathing costume just visible beneath the raincoat, made him catch his breath.

"Well, I won't this time," said Nancy. "The deed is done, but I want you to promise me not to steal any more. Will you?"

She turned her brown eyes upon him. His blue ones met them, to see if she really meant that. He liked strawberries himself and it was so easy in the dawn just to go down a row. . . . She did mean it. He nodded. "All right."

Nancy rewarded him with a smile. "Good for you! . . . Now you run away. I'm late. Hurry!"

Curly turned and ran. A long way off, at the edge of the field, he stopped and waved to her.

Nancy didn't see it. Nor did she see the dejection in his manner as he turned and disappeared through the hedge. She was already in the water.

. . . . . .

The shuffle that heralded Mrs. Weeks' approach from the kitchen was not so agile as it had been. She came bearing a tray

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of breakfast things. In her own phraseology she "did for the 'Awthorne's." In other words she came in every day and cooked and scrubbed. She had done for them from before the time that Nancy was born. She had had total charge of that young lady's infantile career. Having buried three of her own, she considered herself, and was considered, an expert in the upbringing of children.

Buxom even in her prime, she had spread under the moulding touch of time. In appearance she resembled a Chinese ivory figure, some squat, calm mandarin. There was the same yellowish pigment of skin, the same leatheriness of texture, the same stray hairs at the corners of her upper lip. Western garments mercifully concealed, but could not diminish, the same protuberance of stomach. Her hair, now streaked with grey, was drawn back tightly from her forehead and formed a diminutive bun behind.

Such education as she possessed she had received first-hand from life, — work, marriage, childbirth, and burial of her dead. To Brimble, marriage meant only a different angle to conversation. To have a child was merely indicative of the inevitable. To have had three gave one, however, a certain priority of speech at the cottage doors; while their burials elevated one to the dignity of an elder in the council, a sort of Grand Mistress. It was considered highly probable that she would eventually bury her husband who, once a beery champion of political reform, still confined his waning enthusiasms to the sanded bar-room of the inn, where, week by week, he drank his old-age pension in the full satisfaction of having done his duty to king, country, and wife. He had long since forgotten that the disability of Mrs. Weeks' left eye, — it would not open more than half way, — was a forty-year-old vindication of his inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness.

She bore no grudge. It was all in the day's work, according to her philosophy. Indeed even now she sometimes gave evidence of a flickering affection by fixing him up a culinary titbit from the Hawthorne larder which she took home and fed to him, much as one says to an ancient dog, "You are a good old thing, after all. Here's a bit of soft meat for you!"

As she finished laying the table and turned, her good eye fell upon the strawberries. "Well, I declare!" she muttered. For a

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moment she stood considering them. Then she shook her head. "That young Collins ain't up to no good, 'anging around like this. She's *that* pretty!"

The old stairs cried out beneath a heavy footstep. "What's that, Mrs. Weeks? Were you saying something to me, or just thinking aloud?"

A fat chuckle added a hundred wrinkles to her face. "That's a good one, — thinking aloud!" She looked squarely at Jim Hawthorne as he came down the last stair on to the tiled floor.

"Yes, I was thinking that you and me are getting along and that our Nancy is growin' up. It'll be mating time for her before you know it!"

"Mating time! . . . Nancy?" Jim Hawthorne gave a short laugh of dismissal as he stepped out into the sunshine.

Mrs. Weeks shook her old head. "That's all right! You can laugh. I ain't blind!"

Across the meadow Jim caught sight of his daughter. She had taken off her bathing cap and came running. Suddenly she waved a towel.

Jim waved back. Mating time? Good God, no! The rejection came quickly, almost with a touch of anger. He wasn't ready yet.

"Hullow, Dad!" Her cheeks glowing, her chest heaving, Nancy paused at a cluster of carnations. "Here's a poem for you," she said. She picked one, sniffed it, and walked up to him.

"Hullo, old lady! Have a good swim?" His arm slid round her shoulder.

She rubbed her head against his chest and then looked up at him. "It's a sort of tingly morning, this morning, Dad. Do you . . . Why, is anything the matter? Sniff this and you'll forget it!" She tickled his nose with the flower, but though she smiled, there was an almost maternal anxiety in her glance.

It was her presence which finally dispelled her father's moment of uncertainty. As he looked down at her mop of hair and into the honest brown eyes, unmarked by any shadow, Mrs. Weeks' croaking seemed laughable.

Jim Hawthorne reached round to smack her. "You run up and dress," he said, "or I won't wait for you, young woman! I'm hungry."

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She kissed him and dashed off, and presently, from the little window under the swallow's nest, came the sound of her voice like a magnificat.

Her father listened. There was no frown on his forehead now.

Chapter II

There are still places within an eighty-mile radius of London where the hand of progress has not left its dirty thumb-marks in the form of factories, with their attendant squalor and cheap movie shows. To find them it is necessary to turn off the motor roads and peradventure more sedately, in a manner becoming the approach to Arcady. What inhabitants there are will stare with the frank all-seeing stare of babies and yokels, and presently, if you are lucky, you may bump your way into some old-world village with its inn and its apothecary; the one, before whose door creaks a faded sign, perhaps of a Duke's head and a coat of arms; the other, whose windows contain the Gargantuan flagons of red and green fluid that might have been the elixir of youth. Sometimes there is a village green where ducks move in solemn procession and ancient horses crop such herbage as has escaped the hobnails of the children. Generally, behind a mellow red wall, may be glimpsed the upper storeys of the Squire's house, half hidden by giant yews, planted when gentlemen in white wigs and knee-breeches strutted it before their patched and powdered ladies.

Such was Brimble, strung out along the ledge halfway up the great hill where the ancient Druids had carved a mighty cross into the chalky face of the earth. Few outsiders ever found their way there, — a fisherman, perhaps, to whom some fellow angler had confided the promise of the stream, or an artist happening upon it delightedly in the course of a sketching tour. That was how Jim Hawthorne had discovered it twenty-five years ago. In place of the three-roomed, exorbitantly-priced apartment in a dingy London street where he toiled at black and white drawings for the magazines while his wife gave tragic music lessons for a farcical reward, here was a fairy spot of color and peace, where blew the great winds of health and freedom and ambition. . . . It fired him to stake the future and his faith in himself against their senseless bread-and-butter routine.

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He telegraphed to Nan, his wife, and met her at the diminutive railway station six miles below, led her wondering through the fields of corn, and stood her at last on the brick walk outside the cottage door.

She was silent, ecstatic at the outstretching patchwork quilt of country beneath her. Then they stroked the old oak beams that held up the ceiling, pictured wonderful evenings by the enormous open fire, clambered up the rickety staircase to the sloping-roofed bedrooms close beneath the thatch, and sniffed the honey-suckle that peeped in upon them. At last they stood still, their faces alight.

"This is *home*, Jim!" she whispered. "Brimble! Why the name's a poem, of bumble-bees . . . and babies!"

He took his arm from around her shoulders. "Come along then! We'll go and take the 'for sale' board down."

"Can we? . . . Dare we? We haven't . . ."

"We're young and we've got each other. We can buy it, Nan, for a hundred and fifty! What do you say? Shall we risk it?"

"It's our chance!" she answered.

Hand in hand, like two excited children, they ran down the lane to grab their happiness.

. . . . . .

The front door opened into a large, red-tiled, uneven-floored room. The old beams were oiled. A copper hood, dark and gleaming, lured you to the fireplace. There were pewters and old brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece above it. Copper bedwarmers hung down on either side. China treasures sat on the high shelf that made a dado round the room. A grandfather clock ticked solemnly in the corner. The carved panels of an old oak pulpit, picked up in a rambling bric-à-brac shop in Brittany, stood out at right angles to the fire, forming, as it were, a room within a room, a cosy corner. Against them squatted a low couch whose gay chintz was the same as that which hung at the windows. These had small square leaded panes where they had been built out in a great bay, three-sided. The broad cushioned window-seat enclosed the dining table, on which a silver bowl was always kept filled with flowers.

The workshop opened out of this, so called because there Jim

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kept his painting materials. There too was the small grand piano where Nan drew them into the world of melody when candles were lit and Jim, full-stretch upon the sofa, watched her as she played and sang. Around the walls were landscapes in oils, a tribute to his dreams of color.

Upstairs were a bulging library, a bathroom with hot and cold water, — there was only one other in the whole of Brimble, — and two bedrooms with gems of dressing tables and mirrors for which the auction rooms of London had been ransacked. What savings and computations had gone to the purchase of each treasure! Every pewter and candlestick had its story of mutual planning and happiness. What triumph when at last the piano, bought with the sweat of a hundred drawings, was opened, and the first exultant chords resounded through the cottage! The bathroom was a milestone in Jim's career, an answer to faith, the result of the Bond Street exhibition and sale of his first twenty landscapes, an epoch!

And while this brief idyll was being played neither he nor she had time to realize that where there is a beginning there must also be an end.

. . . . . .

A poem of bumble-bees . . . and babies!

When ends barely meet it is difficult to make such a poem rhyme. They had not dared in London. At Brimble, however, the note of oppression, of threat even, that lies in the rumble of the city yielded to the slow rhythm of the country. There was such composure in the succeeding seasons, such acceptance in the changing tasks of farmers. It seemed that life breathed, unhurried, with the confidence of a sleeper. Confidence, that was the keynote of it all! It was like a constant invitation to attune one's mind to its steady pace, to relax from the frenzy of ambition, to absorb quiescence of pulse, to grow broader and deeper in the certainty that the answer lies in being rather than in straining to be.

The little partition of her mind in which she had locked away her dream of children opened wide as the beatitude of Brimble permeated her, body and soul. At first she had been like a bird released from a six-inch cage of osiers on a nail in a back alley,

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— almost frightened at the space around her, fearful of beating her wings with full vigor. There might be still a bar somewhere upon which to bruise them.

With realization, however, came intoxication. She drank happiness recklessly, in great gulps. . .

. . . . . .

In the hospital down the hill rain was beating upon the windows when they sent downstairs to tell Jim to come up quickly. Words came to him through a fog. Time stood still. Something incoherent that was meant for a prayer came soundlessly to his lips. There were people, murmurs, movements, smells, getting in between him and Nan. . . . There was more — death.

When Jim stood up, the world had crashed in ruins about his feet.

Someone was saying, "Steady old man, steady!"

He brushed off the arm that supported him. "Christ!" he whispered. "Jesus . . . Christ!" Unconsciously he passed a hand across his mouth.

A nurse came forward with the baby.

Jim turned and went out of that house into the rain.

So, one June day, the child Nancy was born.

. . . . . .

It was as though more than half of Jim Hawthorne were lopped off and placed in that graveyard down the hill, leaving him empty and desolate, a meaningless husk, without desire, almost without thought.

To the violent oscillations of the needle of his mind seeking, in spite of itself, a new magnetic north, seeking some one stable truth to which to cling, was added the intolerable burden of loneliness. Nan had been more to him than he knew in the days of struggle in London when the next meal for them both had frequently remained a problem to which they had no immediate solution. How greatly he had drawn upon her courage only came home to him now that there was no longer that alter ego whom man's nature demands, — at whom to grumble and complain, to whom to turn for help, sympathy, and spiritual comfort, on

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whom to lavish all the manliness and gentleness, the strength and weakness, the bigness, and the littleness that are his.

Like a haunted thing he roamed the woods, unseeing, a strident discord. The cottage was full of shadows. The piano was closed. Pictures and pewters were mere daubs and pieces of metal. None of their treasures spoke to him with any meaning. That which had given them personality, meaning, — the mutual faith and idealism of man and wife striving towards the same goal, — was swept away like a thing of no worth, since their goal had been founded on fallacy. It was the débâcle.

Leaving Mrs. Weeks to make what arrangements she pleased for the infant, Jim went to France, seeking in movement the repose that Brimble no longer held. He walked through Brittany and headed southeast. After many days Provence spread her endless white ribbons of road before him and he left them behind. At Marseilles his lean figure might have been seen in the bow of an old freight boat that was about to nose her way to Algiers. Weeks of wandering elapsed before he fetched up in Cairo, brown as any Arab, silent as the Sphinx, — but with his problem unanswered.

From the standpoint of evolution and its infinite eons the world seemed to him as insignificant as a piece of meat buried beneath a myriad maggots, squirming and shifting in mere indeterminate motion. There was no guiding force, no outstanding brain to give it order and cohesion, to point out an objective, to focus the wasted energy.

God, the creator of it all? "God is just a term," said Jim Hawthorne, "by which mankind is in the habit of summing up any manifestation beyond the feeble limits of its amoeba-like intelligence."

Life hereafter the reason of it all? Jim Hawthorne said, "I don't know." Angrily he sneered at the hysterical eagerness with which the crowd clutched some comfort, some reassurance, however slight, in their vain conjectures on the unpleasant but inevitable end.

Then he laughed, without humor. "I'm one of the maggots and what brain I've got isn't big enough to find the answer. All I know is that I'm here and likely to be here for some time, because of the instinct of self-preservation which won't let me

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snuff myself out without a struggle. I suppose I've got to *do* something, otherwise time will seem so damned long!"

He went back to Brimble. Time was long. A year that was just a blank elapsed before in self-defence he reached out to his art, because it was the only thing that he knew. "The slave of habit!" he mocked and was duly amused to find that his pictures began to be talked about.

"*I* know they're good," he said, "but what the hell do they buy 'em for? *They* don't know the difference between a Titian and an oleograph till some tuppeny-ha'penny critic points it out to 'em, and then they believe it because it's so much easier to pick up a ready-made opinion than to form one."

It was not until the child was nearly eight years old that one day she thrust herself upon his consciousness. He saw that she had beauty and, what was more important, personality. She stimulated his curiosity. He watched her as though she were a living specimen upon the slide of a microscope. He saw her gradually unfold like a rosebud. He began to resent not only Mrs. Weeks' authority, but the instinctive way in which the child looked to her for reassurance if her small world went wrong.

From that moment Jim Hawthorne was no longer alone with his crippled ego and the success that meant nothing to him.

"Here's my job!" he said. "Every man plays his hand to the limits of the boundary prescribed by his fear of what society will say or do. This kid shall not be afraid of traditional beliefs or rules of conduct. I'll teach her to stand on her own two feet, to answer to herself alone. She shall be honest." . . . And Nancy was now eighteen.

Chapter III

The room was very still that night. A soft blue blanket of tobacco smoke that changed shape just as clouds do, lazily shifting and reforming, floated just above their heads. The rays of the lamp cut their way through it sharply. Between them was a chessboard.

Jim, a pipe in his teeth, leaned back against the oak pew. His eyes shifted from the game and went to Nancy who, with her chin supported in the crutch of her two hands, was working out her next move.

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Beneath the copper hood of the fireplace occasional little spurts of flame escaped from the beech logs. They sang for a moment in a tiny elfin voice.

Mrs. Weeks' remark came back to him. In his mind he paused long enough to savor the phrase. It was rather beautiful, mating time. And yet, going deeper, it became rather beastly, rather ironic too, as though mating and all that it meant were no affair of one's own but as inevitable as next morning. . . . Was the child concerned with mating? Had that aspect of life already become an integral part of her? . . . He didn't know.

Nancy's hand went out. "I think this is a fairly conservative move." She advanced a knight. Her voice was entirely casual, but she waited, tingling with excitement. "If Dad doesn't move that pawn I've got him in three moves! I don't believe there's any way out. Oh I *hope* he doesn't see it!" She looked up at him.

Jim was on the game. A minute went by: two minutes. His hand hovered over the pawn.

Nancy began willing him, urgently. She concentrated: "Queen! Queen! Move your queen, Dad, your queen!"

Jim's hand went back.

"Queen! Queen!" It became a chant in the girl's mind, crescendo and fortissimo when her father reached out again. Most unexpectedly he went to the other side of the board and brought up a rook.

The chant ceased. "Now what on earth. . .?" She analyzed the rook in all its possible bearings upon her attack and the probability of his. She could see no immediate danger. Dad was so beastly subtle, though! He might have gone her one better with that innocent rook. However, — even Napoleon made errors. Now to smash him!

There had been no mistake in her calculations. The three moves followed in machine-like sequence.

"A very nice piece of work, old lady!" said Jim. "Let's have another." He prepared to set the pieces up again.

Nancy kicked away her chair and stretched with a great cracking of joints. "No, no more. I've used up all my concentration. I'm restless. Let's go up on the hill."

Jim removed the lid from a large copper box which contained the tobacco, filled his pipe, tucked a cushion behind his head and

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swung his feet up on the settee. "Far from being restless I'm positively mellow with peace. . . . You wouldn't drag an old man from his pipe and book at this time of night to go traipsing up a steep hill in search of moonlight effects?"

"Oh come on, Dad!"

"You've smashed me twice running at the immortal game of chess. That's glory enough for one evening, without wanting to walk me off my feet."

"Oh rot! Why, we've done it hundreds of times. You're just bone lazy, that's all. And the chances are that instead of reading you'll be fast asleep when I come back, with tobacco ash all down your chest!" She bent down. Her lips touched his face. "I won't be long," she said.

For a moment Jim watched the grey-blue tobacco clouds swirl and close in behind her as she crossed the room and went out. If he had been a cat he would have burst into loud purring. As it was, he sucked a little harder on his pipe, gave a slanting nod of infinite satisfaction and appreciation and picked up his book. "She's all right!" he murmured.

. . . . . .

The summer night was langorous. No breeze diluted the richly-scented air. In the cottage garden it was possible, momentarily, to be aware of roses, of honeysuckle, of lilies, of hay, of rich earth; but they were all so blended that the air was like a physical caress. Nancy stood for a moment on the red brick path. As the warm gentle breath of the evening enveloped her, the restlessness flowed out of her. All her body relaxed. From above her head, in the thatch, there came a few drowsy twitterings that ceased almost immediately, as though the swallows had turned over in their nest and were comfortable again. Nancy's reaction was not in words, hardly even in coherent thought. She felt a wave of emotion, the same speechless ecstasy that filled her at a concert in London when a string quartette played Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile. It was the first time she had ever heard it, and, at the end, her face was all stained with tears.

To any one not familiar with the country, being alone in the woods at night would probably be a scary affair. Any vague movement in the undergrowth would seem like a hostile presence,

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to make the heart beat faster and dry the skin with the first prickling of fear, to make one look repeatedly over one's shoulder, alert lest Someone or Something might be on the verge of springing out. Nancy, however, had long outgrown that. Ever since the first tiny explorations of childhood the lane had been a part of her life. How many times she had climbed the old blackened tree half way up, an enormous beech, — black, as she had learned from her father, because struck by lightning. It was exactly forty paces beyond it that the turf began and the lane, ceasing to be a lane, became a slippery track over the grass. One could see the summit from there, bare between each edge of the woods like the crown of a bald man's head with a fringe of hair above each ear. She had run down it pursued by Indians, rolled down it shouting, ridden down it astride her father, pushed the puffing and protesting Mrs. Weeks down it. Tonight she walked slowly up in the spell of the moonlight, hands clasped behind her, humming the first movement of the Andante.

As she came to the top and walked along the level towards the Druid's Cross, she noticed a pin point of red that glowed in the black fringe of the woods. But for its color it might have been a glowworm. She stopped humming as the thought came to her mind that it might be a cigarette, — therefore a man. "Confounded cheek!" she thought. "A man, on *our* hill."

It was so seldom that she and her father found the solitude of the hill encroached upon that it had indeed come to seem theirs, a sort of extension of the garden. It didn't occur to Nancy to be frightened. If it was a man, it could only be someone from the village and in that case she would know him. All the same she was aware of an alertness, an unease, as she walked steadily along, getting nearer and nearer till the smell of tobacco settled the matter beyond all doubt.

The red point which had waxed and waned dropped like a falling star and was extinguished. The twigs snapped beneath the boot that trod it out. The man emerged from the shadow. It was Curly who stood in the path ahead.

It seemed to Nancy that he had never looked so big before. A trick of light probably. "Hullo!" she said. "Poaching again? They'll have you in gaol yet!"

She stopped. The moon picked out every detail of her, — the

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mass of her burnished hair, the brown eyes that shone black, the brown V of her throat that ended in the green silk sweater into whose pockets her hands were thrust, and, beneath the brief tweed golf skirt, the slim legs that had always so firm a stance.

Curly made no answer, no movement at all. He stood very still, smiling at her. How many times he had waited up there at night in the edge of the woods, only to lie soundless, motionless, as she strolled by on her father's arm, laughing, happy, unaware of his very existence. . . . His heart was pounding. It sounded so loud that he thought she must hear it.

Nancy didn't. But there was something in his attitude that sounded a vague warning to her. What was it? He might have been a wild animal about to spring. . . . "Oh, rats!" she thought, "melodrama!" She gave a laugh and moved forward. "Don't let's stand and gape at each other like a couple of idiots. Walk over to the Cross with me, Curly."

The smell of ripe hay was thick and sweet as they went along. She began to hum the Andante again, but it broke off. The motif was no longer right. It seemed that something had happened between them, as if at that precise moment an angle of relationship had been turned.

Curly had always been just the rather nice-minded boy who, unlike the others of his age, didn't drink and get rowdy and didn't hang around with the squawking village girls. Given expression he might have become a poet, a poet of the woods. Because of that possibility which she had sensed in him, she had lent him books, been interested to see what his opinion was.

To-night, however, it was a different Curly who walked beside her silently. It was with a touch of resentment that she said to herself, "I'm *conscious* of him. It's ridiculous. He's driven the Andante feeling away. I'm only seeing the evening at second hand, by force . . . Damn!" She shot a look at him, sideways. "It *is* Curly. But the thing's absurd. Yesterday night I'm certain I could have met him like this and I should hardly have been aware of him. . . . Now he's — intruding. Why even my muscles are tightened. No one has any right to break into me like this!"

She stopped. "I'm going back," she said. "I promised father I wouldn't be long. Don't come with me. Goodnight."

She turned, a frown puckering her forehead.

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"Nancy!"

For a moment Curly had stood as though petrified. But as Nancy turned to leave him he fired her name as though her movement had pressed a trigger in him.

Her mind had barely time to register the fact that the customary 'miss' was absent. "So *that's* how he has been thinking of me!" she thought; and then Curly was in front of her again, a transfigured Curly, whose repression was broken down.

"Nancy, don't go! I've got to tell yer what's bin inside o' me this year and more, what's bin eatin' me up so that I'm nigh on crazy with it. You know I ain't never kept company with any o' the village girls, like some o' the chaps as takes 'em down the cornfields. I might 'ave if you hadn't kept me to the woods by talkin' and lendin' me the books; for a chap gets a hankerin', spite o' hisself and 'tis difficult to keep from thinkin' o' they things when the meadows be all sweet wi' hay and the girls snickerin' and lookin' sideways at you in the lanes. Whenever I wanted to, I thought o' you and then I'd turn my back on 'em and come up here by myself and set snares i' the likely places o' the woods. There's bin nights when you and yer father has passed so close to me when I bin rabbitin' yer could a' stepped on my hand if I'd stretched it out. And I've 'ad to be content wi' just seein' yer and hearin' yer voice as you've gone by. . . .

"But tonight's different. Somethin' happened when I saw you a'comin' up by yerself and heard yer a' singin'. It didn't seem as if I could stand it no more. . . . What do yer want, girl? Do you want a man to call yer own, a man as can whip any other chap i' the village with his two hands, and has kept clean even if he ain't educated? I can work. Wasn't I the champion milker last summer down to Wendlesbury, and ain't I drawin' a man's pay to Squire's now? An' I can learn. You've showed me how, Nancy, and I'm all afire for yer! Nancy. . . . Nancy!"

With a gasp that was the expression of a very real fear Nancy suddenly felt herself caught in his arms, arms that were thick and hard like the limbs of a tree. She had passed through a complexity of emotions during his outburst, — surprise, anger, pity; and, to be honest with herself, pleasure, a sort of reluctant pleasure that forced its way through in spite of herself. But now in her consciousness of his physical strength as he kissed her face

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and throat, everything left her before a fierce, primeval resistance. She wrenched her hands out of the clinging silken pockets of her sweater. Panting and half sobbing, she beat him, pushed, twisted, and fought.

Subconsciously the male in him rejoiced. Instinctively his grasp of her tightened. "Nancy!" he said, and gave a sort of laugh in which there was something cruel, something exultant.

There was nothing naïve in his actions as there had been in his words. He was no longer the awkward country lout frantically endeavoring to put his emotion into speech, that difficult and untried medium. He was just man, assured, poised, radiant in conflict with the woman whom he wanted for his own. Her strength made the moment the more perfect, in the knowledge that he could smash her at any moment if he really wanted to.

That realization reached through to Nancy's brain, and, like a fog-cloud rolling up at a touch of wind, her mind ceased to be obscured by her emotion. Physically he was her master: mentally, she told herself, he was nothing but a clod-hopper. Instantly she translated that assurance into terms of action. She let herself become limp. In a moment his arms, which had drawn her closer until she was half suffocated, became mere supports.

He thought it was over. "Ah Nancy! . . . my girl!" He drew his face back to look at her, to read in her eyes the answering spark kindled by his desire.

He saw only a sneering contempt.

"You beast!" she gasped. "I thought you were a little more decent than the rest. You're just a filthy animal, a contemptible village lout! . . . Let me go! Take your hands off me! They're dirty. . . . Do you hear, Fred Collins? Let go!"

With a quick twist she escaped from him and stood facing him, her hair all ruffled, her sweater twisted, her chest panting. A glow of triumph and a desire to punish surged through her being. She had beaten him! She knew it from the look of bewilderment that came gradually over his face and was followed by the inert hanging of his arms, the sagging of his shoulders; as though, at the icy touch of her ridicule, the glory of pure manhood given him at that moment of ecstasy had dropped from him and he was reverting to type before her eyes, slipping back to subservience, uninspired, deflated, stale.

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For a long minute they stood. The revengeful, blistering sentences with which she intended to mark him for the rest of his life remained unsaid. He was down.

Suddenly the personal element fell away. As though from a great distance she saw a man and a woman, who were Curly and herself, mouthing and gesticulating for a while under the pressure of external forces, — like splinters of metal rushing willy-nilly to the terrible call of a huge magnet. The man, Curly, had been caught up for a moment in some great current.

. . . . . .

The grandfather clock struck midnight.

Jim Hawthorne stopped reading in the middle of a line, although from sheer habit his eye went on to the end. "The kid's an unconscionable long time! I wonder. . . ."

He dropped his legs from the couch and came to a sitting position, put down his book, tapped out his pipe against the ring that he wore on the little finger of his left hand and began to reload it. There was a frown creasing his forehead as though he were checking off and dismissing possible reasons for her delay one by one.

The rasp of a match against his boot broke the stillness. There was a sort of rhythm in the alternations of the down-draw of the flame and the puffing out of a funnel of smoke. In the middle of this pipe-lighting ritual another sound came from outside. The only way in which one knew that Jim perceived it was that for two breaths the match flame held steady and the puffing paused. Then it went on again until the match burned down and Jim flicked it into the fireplace.

The garden gate clicked open and then shut again. A moment later the door opened and Nancy came in.

"Hullo!" said Jim. "I was just beginning to wonder if the ghosts of the ancient Druids hadn't whisked you off for a sacrificial offering. . . . Suppose we split a bottle of ginger ale before we turn in? You'll have to go and dig it up, old lady, because Mrs. Weeks has suffered her usual lapse of memory and has departed, leaving us thirsting in the wilderness."

For a moment Nancy stood motionless, silent, as though she hadn't heard. Then she walked up to her father. "Dad, I . . . I'm all muddled. I want to ask you something. . . . It's some-

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thing important if I'm right. It . . . it changes things rather. I don't know . . . I'll go and get the ginger ale."

Jim watched her go across the room and through the door into the kitchen. Then he rose and placed himself back to the fireplace, his legs wide apart, his hands clasped behind him. "What the devil happened up there?" he thought.

Nancy came back, the bottles and glasses clinking on a little tray. While her father poured the ginger ale she lit a cigarette and sat down on the couch.

Jim placed a glass on the small table in front of her. "Here's your drink," he said, and took up his stance again before the fireplace. Apparently busy with his own glass he noticed that Nancy's hand was not very steady when she drank, that the tip of her cigarette was red-hot, that her cheeks were flushed as if she'd been running. He waited, saying nothing.

Presently, with her eyes fixed on the spot where the light struck her amber-colored drink, she said, "Dad, I'm old enough to have a child, aren't I?"

For a moment the ticking of the grandfather clock seemed preternaturally loud. Then Jim placed his glass on the table beside hers with meticulous care. "Yes," he said quietly.

Nancy's hands became motionless. The whole of her was absolutely still. There was no longer a wall to that room where she sat. Her gaze was away through it to some other place and time. It was evidently good to be there. A little smile crept to the corners of her lips. Her eyes became very gentle. . . . Presently she took a deep breath and sat up.

"I see. . . . Do you remember the excitement about Mary Judkins having an illegitimate child a year ago? She was twenty, a little older than I am now. It puzzled me and I wondered how a thing like that could happen. I believe I know now." She paused and began rubbing her cigarette out in the copper ash tray.

Jim caught his breath.

Nancy went on. "It wasn't her fault, was it?"

"No," said Jim.

"Or the man's?"

There was a moment's pause before Jim answered. "Not necessarily, no."

"You mean, not if she . . . wanted it too?"

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"Yes."

Again Nancy nodded. "Then Mary and the man must have been caught up together." It was a statement rather than a question.

Jim raised one eyebrow. "Caught up?"

Nancy rose. With one hand she played with a button of his waistcoat. Her steady brown eyes looked straight into his.

"Dad, Curly was up on the hill to-night, and suddenly when I told him I was going home he began talking like a mad creature, grabbed hold of me, and began kissing me . . . utterly beside himself, in a sort of seizure, — what I called caught up. It was as unexpected, as involuntary, as if this perfectly well-behaved cottage were caught up by a cyclone and made to roll over and over down hill. Do you see what I mean?"

Jim's face was set and hard. He nodded.

"Don't worry," Nancy went on. "It was all right. I tried sarcasm on him and he just wilted."

"You mean that he stopped and let you go?"

"Yes."

For a moment neither moved. They stood eye to eye. Then Jim reached out and picked up his ginger ale. He emptied the glass and set it down again, carefully, in the exact spot on which it had stood before. "I think," he said, "it might be as well for me to have a word with him in the morning."

"But Dad, darling, that's just the point! It wasn't his fault. You said that it wasn't. Suppose that cyclone had hit me? It *might* have hit me, mightn't it?" Nancy caught hold of his arm. "Don't be upset about it, Dad. I'm quite all right. But I want to . . . to find out about it. I need you to tell me. You see I've never met anything like it before and now that I'm old enough to have a child I ought to know, oughtn't I, Dad? If this hadn't happened I probably shouldn't have asked you, ever. But as it has, why I'd rather get it straightened out in my mind, once for all, than have it bottled up inside me and keep on rousing my curiosity. . . . Besides, one day, I . . . I believe I *want* that cyclone to hit me!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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ULYSSES AND EINSTEIN

A Dialogue Between

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW *and* ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

The dining-room at 10 Adelphi Terrace, London. Seated at the table, Bernard Shaw and his biographer, Archibald Henderson.

HENDERSON: The extraordinary material progress of the United States in the past sixty years raises the inevitable query as to the artistic and esthetic developments. What unmistakable contributions to world art, — fiction, poetry, drama, belles lettres, painting, sculpture, architecture, — has my country made, in your opinion?

SHAW: I haven't been there. In the nineteenth century there was only Poe, Whitman, and Mark Twain, with Emerson and James running the intellectual and philosophic side of the business, and Longfellow and Hawthorne and Fenimore Cooper as very good colonials. From the rest Europe got only its own exports, adulterated and stale and forty years out of date. But my impression is that there is a tremendous germination in progress. The colonial and provincial stages are passing; and the metropolitan stage is coming with a crash. Artistic Nature abhors a vacuum; and an artistic vacuum as big as North America must fill itself or wreck the world. Already the situation has changed so far that the Poe-Whitman-Clemens formula I have just given is obviously and ridiculously out of date. Unfortunately, so am I; therefore do not ask me for great contemporary American names.

HENDERSON: Would you care to compare the best contemporary American and English fiction, — for example, Hergesheimer with Galsworthy?

SHAW (impatiently): I tell you I don't read either; and if I did why should I provoke ill feeling by comparing them?

HENDERSON: Since you don't read American books, I'm afraid my experiment is foredoomed to failure. Anyway — here goes! Surely you know Edith Wharton?

SHAW: I seem to have heard the name, but cannot connect anything with it.

HENDERSON: Willa Cather?

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SHAW: Never heard of her — or him.

HENDERSON: James Branch Cabell?

SHAW: Not Cable — no, of course not. Is he a Senator — No: that is Cabot, isn't it? I am afraid I am out of it.

HENDERSON: Sinclair Lewis?

SHAW: Nice chap. I met him with Mary Austin after *Main Street;* and he gave me *Babbitt.*

HENDERSON: Zona Gale?

SHAW: Sorry: no.

HENDERSON: Sherwood Anderson?

SHAW: My mind is a perfect blank.

HENDERSON: Theodore Dreiser?

SHAW: Frank Harris used to talk of him; but I never read him.

HENDERSON: Upton Sinclair?

SHAW: Yes: I know Upton. More power to his elbow! An American Defoe.

HENDERSON: Stuart P. Sherman?

SHAW: I thought he was dead. A general, isn't he?

HENDERSON: Elizabeth Robins?

SHAW: Ah, I loved Elizabeth in the old days when we were fighting the battle of Ibsen. She was most indignant; so I had to be content with reading her books.

HENDERSON: O. Henry?

SHAW: I swallowed six volumes of his stories at a gulp. I have no criticism to make: they are *hors concours.*

HENDERSON: H. L. Mencken?

SHAW: An amusing dog, and a valuable critic, because he thinks it more important to write as he feels than to be liked as a good-hearted gentlemanly creature.

HENDERSON: Eugene O'Neill?

SHAW: I have seen a couple of his plays and read some others. They depend to some extent on false acting: for example, when Jean Cadell played *Diff'rent* in London, and played it so well that she made the woman absolutely real, the result was too painful to be bearable. However, that is true of some very famous plays. Mr. O'Neill's dramatic gift and sense of the stage are unquestionable; but as far as I know his work, he is still only a Fantee Shakespeare, peopling his isle with Calibans. I wonder what sort

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of job he would make of a civilized comedy like Molière's *Misanthrope!*

HENDERSON: To sum up the catechism: do you *ever* read any American books?

SHAW: I never read any books, — at least hardly any; but I have no prejudice against American books.

HENDERSON: Of course not. And when you do read them, do you find them worth reading?

SHAW (positively): Very few books of any nationality are worth reading. People read to kill time; consequently it is no more objection to a book that is not worth reading than it is to a pack of cards that it does not pile up treasures in heaven.

HENDERSON: Contemporary fiction seems to be taking a definite turn for the worse. The most revolting novels, filled with the grossest lubricity and most lurid sensuality, are found on every bookstall; and may be bought by your innocent daughter without suspicion. Since Zola, and the era of *Nana*, *Thérèse Raquin*, and *La Terre*, the public is pretty generally agreed that fiction can no longer be written solely for the *jeune fille*. I suspect that the influence of Freud and the *libido* school is at the bottom of much of the trouble. Do you not think this school of thought is exercising a pernicious influence upon contemporary fiction?

SHAW: It is exercising a very tiresome one, because most of the stuff you mean is pseudo-scientific gammon. Even so, I doubt if it does as much harm as romantic gammon.

HENDERSON: If both realistic and romantic fiction are perverting and demoralizing the youth of today, are not greater watchfulness of parents and more rigid control of publishers and legal authorities clearly desired? A reaction against the pornographic novel seems already to be setting in.

SHAW: Why dignify it with a name so pompous as reaction? What has happened is that there has been a great extension of the liberty of the press to deal with the sexual side of human life, followed by a rush to take advantage of it on the part of writers who, like a certain character in one of my plays, have only one subject. But their readers are finding out that crude sex, instead of being the most enthralling literary subject in the world, as they fancied when it was barred, is the dullest. The pleasures connected with it are pleasures to be enjoyed, not to be read

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about. What fun is there in staring at a young American film actor pretending to kiss Miss Mary Pickford at the happy ending of a movie play? It would no doubt be delightful to kiss Miss Pickford; and it is always pleasant to look at her when nobody is spoiling the view with his nose. But to watch another person kissing her is as indelicate as it is tantalizing. And how much stupider it is not even to see such things on the screen, but only to read about them in books, and know the kisses only by description!

The pornographic novel appeals to a want which literature cannot supply. It offers a hungry man a description of a dinner. Even if the descriptions were lifelike, they could not satisfy his hunger. But almost all the descriptions seem written by people who are pitifully ignorant of what they are writing about, and they can appeal only to readers equally inexperienced. Compare these novels with *Ivanhoe* or *Pickwick*. It is like comparing minct pies with apple tarts. In short, the pornographic novel is getting found out for the dull thing it is; and that is the long and short of it.

HENDERSON: The moral slump in fiction is probably an inevitable concomitant of the Great War.

SHAW: The war has a great deal of demoralization to answer for; but the moral shock of it has left us disposed to take art much more seriously, and humbug less patiently, than before. For instance, I am, and always have been, a conscientious writer; but it is only since the war, which sent up my stocks with a bound, that there has been any general recognition of this.

HENDERSON: Not long ago I was somewhat startled to find one branch of human knowledge entirely closed to future research. A very distinguished novelist, a woman, informed me that nothing new could be said about sex.

SHAW: Utter nonsense. We are only at the beginning of the subject. The old silence prevented us from realizing our own experiences; for it takes a tremendous lot of talking and writing to bring experience into clear intellectual consciousness. It also prevented us from discussing them: in fact we had no decent language to discuss them in. As the silence breaks, and we are forced to think and speak decently because we are thinking and speaking aloud, we are discerning a new world in sex.

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HENDERSON: You once described romance as the great heresy which must be swept off from art and life. Married life frequently brings the most shocking sex-disillusionment to romance-fed young girls. Despite the beginning made by Maupassant and Tolstoi, it seems to me that the influence of sex in married life still awaits adequate treatment.

SHAW: There is never any real sex in romance. What is more, there is very little, and that of a very crude kind, in ninety-nine hundredths of our married life. The field of sexual selection is too narrowed by class and property divisions which forbid intermarriage to give anything like enough material for a genuine science of sex. I tell you, you will never have a healthily sexed literature until you have a healthily sexed people; and that is impossible under capitalism, which imposes commercial conditions on marriage as on everything else.

HENDERSON: No true literary artist or critic deplores frankness in fiction, provided the author expresses himself or herself tactfully and decently. But the time has come, today, I believe, for responsible critics to sound a warning against overt pruriency in current literature.

SHAW: Goodness gracious! have the prudes, male and female, ever stopped warning us against it? You cannot define the terms. One man's poetry is another man's pruriency. One woman's passion is another woman's impropriety. For goodness' sake let people have what they want. Read Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. If that is not prurient, the word has no meaning. Well, are you going to warn people against *A Sentimental Journey?* When I read it, — I was a boy at the time, — I liked it. I conclude that I liked pruriency when it was well done. It has never occurred to me to try to prevent anyone else reading it. You must let people eat what agrees with them, even if it seems to you to be garbage.

HENDERSON: One of the great difficulties in this whole very complicated question is the confused state of the public mind, and the difficulty of defining the terms. For example, people speak glibly of the sex novel, without taking the trouble to find out what they mean by the term. What is a sex novel, if you please?

SHAW: I never used the expression. Why challenge me to define it? I suppose you might call *Manon Lescaut* a sex novel just

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as you might call *The Nigger of the Narcissus* a sea novel. If you called Wagner's *Tristan* a sex opera or *Romeo and Juliet* a sex tragedy I should know what you meant, whereas if you called *Dombey and Son* or *Macbeth* sex stories I should conclude that you were mad. But the term taken by itself as a category conveys nothing.

HENDERSON: I daresay most people mean pornographic novel when they say sex novel. Strindberg's *Countess Julie* might be termed a sex play; Dumas fils's *L'Affaire Clémenceau* a pornographic play; France's *Le Lys Rouge* a sex novel; Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* a pornographic novel. How would you put the matter?

SHAW: A pornographic novelist is one who exploits the sexual instinct as a prostitute does. A legitimate sex novel elucidates it or brings out its poetry, tragedy, or comedy. But there is really no critical sense in such an expression as sex novel. The Victorian novel, which was sexless to the extent that Thackeray could not describe the sexual adventures of Pendennis as Fielding described those of Tom Jones, certainly did prove that the novel which says no more about sex than may be said in a lecture on the facts to a class of school girls of fifteen can be enormously more entertaining than a novel wholly preoccupied with sexual symptoms. But readers of *Don Quixote* knew that already; and eight or more generations of readers had found *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* more readable than *Moll Flanders*. It is the sexless novel that should be distinguished: the sex novel is normal. Don't, by the way, think that all Victorian novels were sexless. Ouida scandalized the Victorians just as much as the people you are thinking of are scandalizing the Georgians. Grant Allen was boycotted for a couple of years for *The Woman Who Did* which reeked with the Puritanism of his North of Ireland ancestry. George Moore's *Mummer's Wife* was a Victorian novel. Zola's works, and De Maupassant's, were translated and prodigiously discussed in Victoria's reign. They were all considered the limit then. Who fusses about them now?

HENDERSON: What is your view of the treatment of sex in the contemporary novel?

SHAW: I don't read the contemporary novel. There is no such thing as the contemporary novel. Name your novel; and I may

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tell you what I think of it, — that is, if I have read it, which is in the last degree improbable, as a playwright has no patience with novels. But in the few that I *have* read there is no treatment of sex common to them all and yet peculiar to the present period.

HENDERSON: I leave out of discussion the novel *La Garçonne*, which you say you haven't read; and an autobiography not entitled *My Career and My Liaisons*, now selling for three hundred and fifty francs a copy in Paris, a book which reads as if it had been written in a brothel. I name *Ulysses*, a work of great genius. The Shakespeare *pastiche*, the blasphemous "Brocken" episode, and Mrs. Bloom's ruminations (despite the slime) are memorable pieces of writing. But Joyce takes us into the sewers; lingers over the open drains and fetid cesspools. To read *Ulysses* is a remarkable and scarifying experience; but the fact that it is "not fit to print", according to Anglo-Saxon standards of public decency, indicates that Joyce has overstepped the bounds.

SHAW: When they asked me to pay three guineas for *Ulysses* I said I would not go a penny beyond seven and sixpence. I read scraps of it in "The Little Review," not knowing that they all belonged to the history of a single day in Dublin. I was attracted to it by the fact that I was once a young man in Dublin, and also by Joyce's literary power, which is of classic quality. I do not see why there should be any limit to frankness in sex revelation; but Joyce does not raise that question. The question he does raise is whether there should be any limit to the use in literature of blackguardly language. It depends on what people will stand. If Dickens or Thackeray had been told that a respectable author like myself would use the expletive "bloody" in a play, and that an unexceptionally fastidious actress of the first rank, associated exclusively with fine parts, would utter it on the stage without turning a hair, he could not have believed it. Yet I am so old-fashioned and squeamish that I was horrified when I first heard a lady describe a man as a rotter.

I could not write the words Mr. Joyce uses: my prudish hand would refuse to form the letters; and I can find no interest in his infantile clinical incontinences, or in the flatulations which he thinks worth mentioning. But if they were worth mentioning I should not object to mentioning them, though, as you see, I should dress up his popular locutions in a little Latinity. For all

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we know they may be peppered all over the pages of the lady novelists of ten years hence; and Frank Harris' autobiography may be on all the bookstalls. When Linnaeus first wrote on the fertilization of plants, botany was denounced as corrupting to morals. That seems hardly credible now. But in point of genuine frankness there has been no advance upon Rousseau. Mr. Harris does not really give himself away as completely as St. Augustine or Bunyan.

HENDERSON: The old defence of the "naturalists" in Zola's day was the truthfulness of the portrayal. The plea was always advanced that the whole truth must be told, if art was to be a graphic picture of human life. Can blackguardly language about bodily functions not discussed in public, and about the physiology of sex, which degrades it to mere animalism, be in the interest of public morals?

SHAW (decisively): Is any treatment of sex in the interest of public morals? Most of the people who denounce *Ulysses* would say no if they would think out their own position; and that answer would at once reduce them to absurdity. *Ulysses* is a document, the outcome of a passion for documentation that is as fundamental as the artistic passion, — more so, in fact; for the document is the root and stem of which the artistic fancyworks are the flowers. Joyce is driven by his documentary daimon to place on record the working of a young man's imagination for a single day in the environment of Dublin. The question is, is the document authentic? If I, having read some scraps of it, reply that I am afraid it is, then you may rise up and demand that Dublin be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. And I may say, do so by all means. But that does not invalidate the document.

The Dublin "jackeens" of my day, the medical students, the young bloods about town, were very like that. Their conversation was dirty; and it defiled their sexuality, which might just as surely have been presented to them as poetic and vital. I should like to organize the young men of Dublin into clubs for the purpose of reading *Ulysses;* so that they should debate the question "Are we like that?" and if the vote was in the affirmative, proceed to the further question "Shall we remain like that?" which would, I hope, be answered in the negative. You cannot carry out moral

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sanitation any more than physical sanitation, without indecent exposures. Get rid of the ribaldry that Joyce describes and dramatizes and you get rid of *Ulysses:* it will have no more interest on that side of it than a twelfth century map of the world has today. Suppress the book and have the ribaldry unexposed; and you are protecting dirt instead of protecting morals. If a man holds up a mirror to your nature and shows you that it needs washing — not whitewashing — it is no use breaking the mirror. Go for soap and water.

HENDERSON: Superbly answered. But I am unconvinced.

Abandoning art and morals for science, I am just back from Berlin, where I had the pleasure of friendly personal and professional intercourse with Professor Albert Einstein. He laughed heartily when I told him you had remarked to me that he looked much more like a musician than a mathematician. He is very fond of music, being a finished violinist himself; and assured me that the creative mathematician was always an artist, with a highly developed sense of form. Places of honor on his walls were held by three great English scientists: Newton, Faraday, and Clerk-Maxwell. Ever since you paid me the compliment of describing my "Relativity: a Romance of Science" as the first genuinely successful attempt to elucidate relativity for the layman, I have wanted to know your opinion of relativity.

SHAW (with animation): Up to a certain point I was astounded to learn that anybody regarded it as a discovery, as I had never been an absolutist in physics, and never supposed that anyone else was. Also I was naturally tickled by the Michelson experiment as a fresh instance of the vanity of Baconianism. No: I do not mean the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays: I mean the notion that our professional men of science accept the experimental test. *Prima facie* the result of that experiment knocked half the science of the last two hundred years into a cocked hat.

Usually this result is avoided by cooking the experiment to fit the theory. On this occasion they cooked the theory to fit the experiment. They always do either the one or the other. As to accepting it without question as they would have accepted it, if it had shown, as they expected, that the ray that travelled along the earth's orbit did its sprint in less time than the ray that

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crossed it, they never even thought of allowing themselves to be upset in such a fashion. Yet when literary men like H. G. Wells and myself tell them that experiments are put-up jobs and can prove nothing, they are scandalized and invoke Bacon.

This was a flagrant case, because the Michelson experiment was not an experiment at all, but a measurement. But they swallowed the discrepancy just as they had swallowed the discrepancy in the perihelion of Mercury. Later on I found that Einstein might be described more accurately as the confutor of relativity than as its discoverer. His mathematics were not intelligible to me, as I am not familiar with that sort of shorthand. Some day I shall have to do for Einstein what I did for Jevons nearly forty years ago, when I — (*just here Mr. Shaw was called to the telephone, and the thread of his discourse is forever lost*).

HENDERSON: Once, at this very table, Wells told me he had anticipated Einstein, with some suggestions contained in articles he had published in the "Fortnightly." Einstein has vigorous opponents in Germany and elsewhere. In England and the United States he is held in especial respect by the public, because he is popularly supposed to have displaced Newton, the greatest mathematician ever produced by the Anglo-Saxon race. May I ask if you have imbibed the idea that Einstein has "ditched" Newton?

SHAW: He has certainly succeeded in shattering the pretension of the Newtonians and Copernicans to infallibility. I hope we shall soon hear the last of the millions of light years, and the Betelgeuses as big as half a dozen universes, and all the rest of the monstrous exaggerations and fairy tales founded on obviously ridiculous methods of measuring interstellar distances and stellar sizes. A man's sense of humor should be sufficient to prevent him from believing that our neighbor the Sun, so close to us that a cloud between us can make the difference between a hot day and a cold one, is ninety-three millions of miles off, or even ninety-three thousand. I have no patience with such follies.

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CAN MACHINES MAKE US FREE?—A DEBATE

I — THE WORKER EMANCIPATED

WILLIAM BASSET

WE regard the worker as the slave of the machine, only because we invest him with emotions he does not possess. According to William Basset only one in fifty workers finds repetitive labor irksome. Machines have made the worker's task easier, and by increasing production they have raised his pay. The present day machine tender has the money for necessities and luxuries and the money, time, and energy for pleasures, utterly unknown to the hand workers of a hundred and fifty years ago.

THOSE who are unused to a manufacturing plant often assume that to work day in and day out at a loom, or a drill press, or a steam hammer must be most revolting in its monotony. I have frequently heard callers speak of a factory they were visiting as a hell, although to me it seemed a rather neat, safe, and shipshape place, if perhaps a trifle noisy. It depends upon the point of view.

Much as Dr. Johnson saw in a brewery, not merely a collection of vats and pipes, but "the means of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice," so I see in a boiler shop not a hell of noise and hot metal, in which toil the slaves of machines; but rather, the means of freeing thousands of women from the real slavery of carrying coal up countless flights of steps to tens of thousands of stoves. I see not only the more comfortable lives that those boilers will bring; I see in the noisy but light and easy-to-handle riveting hammer a machine which saves a dozen men the back-breaking work of swinging heavy sledges. I see one man do more work with it in eight hours than the dozen would have done in a twelve hour day. I know that while the dozen would have fallen in bed within an hour after the whistle blew, worn out with their efforts, the "slave" of the riveter is fit and ready for a half dozen hours of play. And this slave of a machine has more money to spend and more comforts on which to spend it than had the freeman of the hand hammers. That one picture portrays most of the ways in which machines have set men free from slavish drudgery and have given them command over goods that a king could not have owned in days of handwork and craftsmanship.

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Let us see first how the workers themselves feel about the machines of which they are supposed to be the slaves. On your next journey, ask the locomotive engineer if he wishes to throw off his gyves and become the free and picturesque driver of a stage coach. You will find that he, strangely enough, considers himself the master of his machine, and that he loves it as it is proper that a master should love a good servant. The machine demands minute and constant care, it is true, but he prides himself on the technical knowledge and manual dexterity that fit him to care for it.

I once took a snapshot of a small, stationary steam engine used for certain auxiliaries in a factory. A workman whose duty, day in and day out, was to oil the bearings of the engine, and otherwise nurse it, asked for a print of the picture, and, so that I might know where to send it, presented me with his card. It read "Moses Washington, Ingineer." He was most unskilled, — wages $3 a day, — a slave to his machine if anyone ever is, but he didn't know it. In fact, he was inordinately proud of his exalted position in life and of his self-conferred title. But is such a man a slave to his machine? You may think so, but what would be his status if he were not at the machine? He would be a slave to the shovel and pick, or to cows on a farm, where the physical effort demanded of him would be much greater and where less of his time would be free. Because the machine has been given the intelligence the worker lacks, he is able to do better work with it than he could do without it. Being more useful than formerly, he is paid more for less irksome work. I know of a concern which uses highly ingenious automatic machines to wrap, label, and pack its product. Formerly, 450 girls were required to perform these operations by hand. On piece work they averaged $17 a week each. Now fifteen machines, each tended by one girl, do the same work, and each girl gets $27 a week. The machines do the work more neatly and more sanitarily, and the girls who tend them exert less effort and suffer less fatigue. They have to be unremitting in their attendance on the machines, — but they had to be constantly at work before the machines came in, or they would have made but small earnings. In that way they are slaves; but then is not everyone who works at anything the slave of his job? Certainly the slavery of these girls is now less fatiguing and otherwise more

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pleasant than before. They take pride in their ability to operate the complicated machines, and each one feels that the machine is *her* slave.

I could cite hundreds of cases where machines, in displacing hand work, have resulted in less fatigue and greater earnings to the worker, increased production, and lower prices to the consumer. To the uninformed observer a rapidly moving machine may seem to demand a killing pace from its attendant, but actually it practically never does. In the first place an intelligent manufacturer knows, — and the others soon find out, — that a speed which fatigues the worker produces a lower output in a day than does a slower pace. It is not altruism that leads engineers to study operations in order to find easier and less fatiguing ways to do work. It is because they realize that the easier the work, the greater the production. Frequently I have seen the daily production of a man and his machine increased twenty per cent by reducing the speed ten per cent.

Sometimes, on the other hand, it is easier to work rapidly than slowly. Take for example the operation of making aluminum caps for fruit jars. The girls who sat all day long feeding strips of aluminum into the punch press complained of fatigue. A study showed that the rhythm of their motions was frequently interrupted by a piece of metal sticking in the die and having to be pried out before the machine could be started again. We know that rapid repetitive movements can be maintained for long periods if the rhythm of the movements is well marked and uninterrupted. A study of this operation showed that at a speed about fifteen per cent above the customary, the metal ceased to stick. This made the girls perform their motions more rapidly, but it stopped the interruptions. The girls liked the new speed better, for with the rhythm unbroken it tired them less. As one said, "It somehow makes me feel as though I were dancing, for I hum a tune in time with my motions."

I have yet to see a machine in any industry that does not make the operation easier for the worker than when the same work was done by hand. The trouble with those who denounce machines is two-fold. The machine impresses them as sort of noisy, inhuman, — an inexorable devil that would as soon eat the flesh of the worker as the metal it is fed. They do not understand the machine and

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they seem to feel that the worker fears it as much as does the uninformed uplifter who is doing the pitying. Second, these pityers and critics do not know how those operations were performed before the horrid machine came into being. Therefore, they cannot see that the machine attendant is either of a low grade mentality, one who without the machine could not make a living, or is a far higher type than was the man who formerly did the work by hand.

This was strikingly but unintentionally demonstrated at a textile exhibition where, side by side, were shown in operation the old hand loom and the modern Jacquard loom. The old weaver on the hand loom is thought of as a craftsman, while the modern weaver is pitied as merely an attendant to a machine. Yet the principal difference between a hand loom and a power loom is that one used man power while the other uses mechanical power. The old time weaver operated the loom harness with a treadle and threw the shuttle by hand. He was merely an inefficient power plant, and looked about as happy and inspired when he worked his hands and feet as does the plug horse in a tread mill. The Jacquard loom is a complicated — almost intelligent — piece of machinery that requires expert attention from its operator. The slaves of this machine are white collar men, — alert, intelligent, and not to be told by their looks from the engineer who supervises the building of a Panama Canal or a monster bridge.

With no exceptions, that I have seen, the application of power and machines to operations that formerly were done by hand decreases the fatigue of the worker and increases his earnings. Often it improves him mentally and, by relieving him of drudgery, actually makes him more of a craftsman than he was in the days of hand work. For a great deal of hand work was not skill, but muscle; the hand worker was more a maker of power than of art.

Criticism of machine industry is often based on the fact that the modern worker seldom performs all of the operations on a product. Subdivision of operations is presumed to result in distasteful monotony that brings with it untold mental misery to the workers. One psychopathologist thinks he sees in violent revolutionary outbreaks and in suicidal mania an unconscious

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reaction to monotony. Repetitive motions are supposed to inhibit the urge of craftsmanship.

I have asked many workers of both sexes who perform simple motions on highly repetitive and subdivided operations if the monotony were distasteful. Many missed the meaning of my question, for they could not understand how monotony could be other than pleasant. They liked the work which they could do automatically. It required no mental effort, and so left them free to think their own natural thoughts. My observation indicates that only about one factory worker in fifty objects to repetitive operations. Occasionally we find a worker with unusual skill and pride in craftsmanship who rebels at the monotony of machine work. But, in the main, workers are interested solely in earning as much money as possible. Few of them have pride in achievement, ambition to rise in authority, or willingness to assume responsibility. If a machine can be introduced to do a job better than it can be done by hand, they willingly become machine operators, — provided that it means more money to them. The wise manufacturer who installs machines sets a rate so that wages *will* be greater, taking his saving in the lower cost per unit that results from the greatly increased production.

I want to emphasize the fact that in my wide experience with workers in many industries I have never known labor troubles to arise from the workers' objections to the monotony of repetitive work. Nor have I ever heard a worker refer to himself as "the slave of a machine." Nine times out of ten the spontaneous dissatisfaction of workers has to do with wages.

We have seen then that the condition of a worker at a machine is not slavery, either actually or in his opinion; that, on the contrary, the machine has given him higher wages for shorter hours of easier work.

It hardly seems necessary to point out that when he comes to spend his higher wages machines emancipate him still further. There is plenty of evidence to show that in the last three centuries, and in the last 150 years especially, the absolute price of manufactured products has fallen. Pepys, writing in the middle of the 17th century, tells of the prices of clothes, textiles, books, furniture, and silver plate far higher than the prices of better goods today. The real wages of the workers and of the farmers were far

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lower then than now, and they did not rise materially until machines were invented which would perform an operation in a hundredth or a thousandth of the time required by hand work.

Cynics profess to doubt whether the availability of larger quantities and new kinds of consumers' goods, made possible by machine production, actually increases the happiness or welfare of mankind. They condemn the moving pictures as low-browed amusement, the cheap automobile as a nuisance, the talking machine as canned music, and newspapers as trash. But the fact remains that the workers find amusement and happiness in all of these things. Four or five days' labor will buy a good looking suit of machine-made clothes which a century ago would have cost two months' wages. A comfortable and serviceable pair of shoes costs but a couple of days' labor as against a week's labor before machines displaced the cobbler. A shirt, pleasing to the sight and skin, costs but an hour's wage. A coarser, less sightly shirt, would have taken days of a hand worker's time to make or to buy.

Since machinery came in it has been the fashion to depreciate present-day quality and to exaggerate the quality of things handmade. Admittedly, much of the output of our machines is inferior. We see few cheaply made examples of antique handicraft, for the good reason that the shoddy products wore out long ago. But there was much poorly made stuff then as now. A machine will joint furniture better and give it a more beautiful finish than can the most painstaking craftsman. Antique furniture is clumsy, some of it is rickety in construction, and the beautiful finish is far more the result of age than of craftsmanship. Antique furniture, fabrics, pottery, or armor are rarely well made, well finished, or even beautiful, according to modern standards. Our looms to-day produce more beautiful, finer, and better lasting fabrics than ever came from the hand loom.

The artistic ability is no longer in the operator at the loom, but in the artist's studio where the designs are drawn. A textile designer is no less an artist because he does not know how to throw a shuttle by hand. The furniture designer is no less an artist because he works with pencil and paper instead of with chisel and saw. Machine-made products are often of higher artistic value than the hand-made. Machine production has reduced the cost of

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common things to a point where thousands can buy them who could not if they were made by hand. New conveniences are available that could never be made by hand. The machine has been the biggest factor in increasing the real wages of all men a hundred fold. And machines have given well paid employment to people of low grade mentality who would in other days have lived the lives of brutes.

II — INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY A DELUSION

ERNST JONSON

MECHANICAL invention has not freed man from economic bondage. Modern industry is neither free, nor just, nor generous. It deprives the worker of the essential security of assured employment by placing him at the mercy of his employer. But Ernst Jonson does not regard the democratization of industry as the solution of the worker's problem; indeed, he regards it as an ideal impossible of realization. The Few must always lead, control, and govern the Many. But the Few must learn to govern well, — unselfishly and humanely.

IN his article, Mr. William R. Basset endeavors to show that through mechanical invention man has freed himself from economic bondage. If this be so, whence this ceaseless unrest, these hate-filled, bloody conflicts that besmirch the pages of modern history? To me it seems rather as if mechanical industry were merely a preliminary step toward freedom, and that another, a greater and more radical step remains.

Unquestionably the introduction of the machine tool into industry has resulted in the most rapid advance in industrial efficiency and average wealth that the world has ever seen. Yet the economic situation is not a happy one. Indeed, in some respects it falls short of past achievement. It seems as if, somehow, the evolution of the economic structure as a whole had not kept pace with the development of the processes of production. Modern industry is not free, it is not just, it is not generous. It condemns millions to indifferent mechanical employment, without hope of change, even without assured livelihood. The worker looks for some enduring reward of his endeavors, such as the Guildsmen enjoyed, and is disappointed; not success, not respect-

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ability, not even economic security, crowns his ineffectual efforts to do well. The obstacles seem insuperable, his opportunities barren; the battle goes sore against him to the end.

Under the old guild system, the workers enjoyed economic security, homely comforts, a considerable measure of social dignity, and opportunity to satisfy the instinct of craftsmanship. Now periods of extensive unemployment recur with great regularity. Every few years the prosperity of the working classes is checked by an industrial depression. During these periods of depression millions of families suffer poverty. The effect on the mind of the worker is general and profound. The fear of unemployment and poverty becomes firmly rooted in his mind, and with advancing years grows into a haunting spectre. And this fear of unemployment is one of the chief causes of discontent among the workers. No attempt has been made to stabilize employment; unemployment is dully accepted as an unavoidable feature of industry.

Furthermore, the laboring masses are dependent upon the working of the industrial system for their livelihood. Their interests center in the output and distribution of consumable goods. On the other hand, the incentive of the owners is in maximum profits, regardless of social costs, — such as unemployment of men, equipment, and material resources,—by which production is kept down, in hoarding, by which distribution is checked, and in competitive selling, by which the cost to the consumer is increased one hundred per cent or more. Thus there has come to be a fundamental division of interest between the owners and the workers.

And the captain of industry: is he satisfied? Industry is his; but what hold has he on it? He is encircled with discontent, distrusted, neither loved, nor honored, and hardly ever applauded. Fear beclouds his success. What good is it?

Some of us, to be sure, have more riches than ever man had before; but we have less good of them than ever. Money we have, but nothing really good to do with it. It is an enchanted wealth which, as yet, no man has touched. To whom is the wealth of these days really wealth? Whom does it bless; make happier, wiser, healthier, or in any way more of a man?

It would seem that a genuine solution of the problem of

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industry is possible only on the basis of a radical amendment of the whole system of production and distribution. The worker must be given an opportunity to do his best, and he must be rewarded in proportion to results. Waste must be eliminated, and all labor turned into productive channels, so that higher wages may be enjoyed by all. Incompetence in high places must not be tolerated. The workers must be given steady and assured employment.

Mr. Basset tells us that the workers like the machine. May not this liking result from a sense of dependence on the machine and fear of being deprived of its aid and support? The attachment of the locomotive engineer to his engine, to be sure, is in part a sporting attachment, and in part a craftsman's attachment to his tool, — a wholesome thing, — a thing which adds to the life-values of these men. On the other hand, the man who merely feeds an automatic machine, and whose movements tend to become as automatic as the machine's, is differently situated. That man seems to suffer a loss of personality. He clings to the machine, even though it cripple him in body as well as in mind, not from any active vital interest, but by mere inertia. My own observation during many years of contact with mechanical industry has convinced me that our industries, as now constituted, offer few opportunities for such fulness of life as that which the Guildsmen enjoyed.

In discussing the merits of the machine-made product, Mr. Basset makes an astonishing assertion. He claims that the machine turns out work which is more accurate, better looking, more durable, and of higher artistic value than the work of the craftsman. Ask any competent machinist and he will tell you that when work of greatest accuracy is demanded the work of the machine must be finished by hand. And where do you find among the products of machine industry work of such beauty as the old armor? The furniture and textiles of the Renaissance, have these not proved themselves more durable than the modern factory product? And carpets! show me a machine-woven carpet that has outlasted one handwoven in the East. As for the artistic value of the machine-made product, every artist will tell you that whenever, under the constraint of economic pressure, he calls the machine to his aid he takes upon himself an artistic handi-

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cap. No! machine industry has not yet achieved beauty. This problem of beauty still waits for solution.

Many problems still confront industry, — immense problems calling in most insistent manner for solution. Is industrial democracy the way by which the solutions of these problems are to be found? The advocate of popular control of industry argues plausibly enough: the present masters of industry have failed to achieve what reasonably might have been expected of them. Let the workers, themselves, take possession of land and tools, and so become the masters of industry. Before embarking on such a radically new course, is it not well to consider if it is likely to be practicable, or even possible? Let us, therefore, consider this prior question: why did the workers lose their independence when industry was mechanized?

Before the machine tool came into common use, the prudent wage-earner would save a surplus out of his wages with which to buy tools or land for himself; then he would labor for himself another while; and as the demand for his goods increased, he would hire a beginner to work for him. This was a free, just, and generous system, which opened the way to all, gave hope to all, and incentive to all.

The coming of the machine tool has changed all this. Machine production has so increased the efficiency of labor that the independent mechanic, equipped only with hand tools, cannot compete with the factory. Under the system of machine industry, therefore, the great majority of the workers are compelled throughout life to work for wages under the authority of an employer. As time passed, factories increased in size; in many industries the individual owners were eliminated, the industry consolidated and placed under the control of a few large corporations. In these large corporations most men are reduced to the grade of wage-workers, a few, a very few, are exalted to a position of power unprecedented in the history of industry; and through the great organizations of which they are the heads, these few are enabled to acquire the bulk of the world's wealth.

Does not the inducement to industry lie in the consumption of the product? Herein is the laborer's compensation. His real wages consist in the consumption of the product of his labor. The contents of the pay envelope are not the wages themselves,

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but merely a record of Industry's indebtedness to the laborer. The laborer is not really paid until he has spent his money wages.

In the primitive state each family consumes the entire product of its industry. Even in Europe, till recently, the peasantry of remoter parts, after taxes were paid to the State, consumed practically the entire product of their industry. Why does industrial evolution curtail this privilege?

When the primitive hunter makes himself a spear, he puts labor into something he cannot eat. Therefore, when the hunter makes himself a spear, he does work for which he receives no wages. He is willing to do this because he sees that the spear is going to make future hunting more productive; that is to say, he is willing to forego a few days' wages in order that his work through years to come may yield a higher rate of wages.

The tool, then, is a preliminary product of industry; it must not be consumed, but conserved. It is a preliminary, unconsumable product which facilitates the production of consumable goods. Tools, in this sense, are what we call capital. In order to equip himself with tools, the laborer must refrain from consuming the entire product of his industry. In other words, he must be willing to do work for which he receives no real wages. Tool making, therefore, presupposes purposeful restraint of the natural inclination to consume what one has produced. This means that capital accumulates only when the workers do not consume all they produce; or, in other words, when the laborers are not paid for all the work they do. Every increment to the Nation's capital is a contribution made by Labor to Industry.

Under the conditions of primitive industry there was an inducement to make this sacrifice, which operated directly on the mind of the worker. In the complexities of modern machine industry the connection between a present sacrifice and a future reward is so obscured that it is utterly lost sight of by the working masses. Hence the need for doing an adequate quantity of work without pay is not realized by them. Quite naturally, then, they want to consume the entire product of industry.

If machine industry, and the social order which has grown up around it, is to endure, the workers in some way must be induced or compelled to relinquish a part of the product of their labor;

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that is to say, they must be induced or compelled to do an adequate quantity of work without pay.

The task of enforcing this essential requirement of civilization the owner willingly takes upon himself, not, to be sure, because he wants to serve mankind, but because in assuming this task he acquires ownership of, and control over, the conserved product. Through this control, as it seems to him, he becomes empowered to consume the product which he has withheld from the worker.

The power by which the owner acquires a part of the product of other men's labor is the right vested in him by the institution of private ownership of land and tools. The laborer is permitted to use land and tools, but at any time, whenever the owner chooses, he may withhold them from use. Without land and tools the laborer cannot produce consumable goods. Thus the owner has power to expose the laborer to the miseries of poverty. In order to live, the laborer must comply with the conditions laid down by the owner.

Were the owner to consume what he has salvaged from the worker, mankind would be no better off than if the worker had been allowed to consume it. The owner is restrained from consuming the entire salvaged product by a prospect similar to that which influenced the primitive hunter when he made his spear. He reserves a fraction of his income, because he sees that by doing so he will increase his future income. He returns a part of his income to industry in order to increase its productiveness. He calls this investing. Thus, industrial evolution has created a situation in which a man's desire to consume as much as possible of the product of other men's labor induces him to renounce a part of the product which he has withheld from the workers, and to return this part to the industrial system in the form of equipment. In this way capital grows as the result of men's desire to consume it; and by this growth the needs of Industry are provided for.

It appears, then, that the concentration of economic authority, which accompanied the evolution of machine industry, together with the concentration of ownership upon which this authority is based, was not an accident, but an essential element in the development. The hypothesis that equal industrial progress

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might have occurred under democratic control and under popular ownership is unfounded. The correlated hypothesis that our system of production and distribution would continue to function under democratic control is equally unfounded.

Industrial democracy! Count of heads to be the highest court of appeal on every question and interest of industry, — technical or economic; any man to be equal to any other; how imagine a more palpable impracticability, a more patent absurdity? No industrialized society can exist without an economically dominant group. Its necessity lies in the very nature of machine productions. If man would enjoy the fruits of mechanical industry he must leave the guiding of it to a few. It seems probable, not to say, certain, that the established order of private ownership and private control of industry will remain the basis of our economic system.

The worker is discontented, not because the owner consumes a small fraction of the product of his labor, but because he gets from the owner no competent, loving guidance; he is disgruntled because the owner takes the wages of a governor and does not govern. The captains of industry may live like princes and the workers will not envy them, — so long as they really do govern. Give the workers masterful guidance and they will return confiding loyalty, and cease babbling of industrial democracy. But not with the cut-throat competition of each man for himself can such government be achieved.

The age points with pride to natural science and mechanical industry and yet there is in the aspect of these, its offspring, something disconcerting. There they stand before us grown quite beyond control and ready to devour us body and soul. How to get them under discipline is the task that lies before us. In these two creations of our genius, so steeped in materialism and mammonism, so unconscious of their noble destiny, and as yet so irrational and brutal, we must awaken some soul. Then, by degrees, we shall regain a society with something of fellowship and dignity and beauty in it.

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FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT

THOSE pillars of Western Civilization, France, England, and America, will come together whenever America wills it. Basil de Sélincourt, an Englishman, whose name betrays a French lineage, whose wife is the American author of "The Little French Girl," believes that America holds back to-day only because, having youth and strength, she hopes to succeed where France and England have failed. But because America cannot possibly succeed, she will find the experience of her older partners useful.

THE Editor of THE FORUM has paid me the charming compliment of asking for my views as to the possibility of a humanitarian entente between the three great countries whose names are at the head of this article. He knows that I have every reason to believe in an Anglo-Franco-American partnership. The most obvious difficulty connected with it is that one of the partners possesses in overwhelming measure the two great gifts of strength and youth. Is this difficulty insuperable? It would little become me to say so, seeing that in my own home I represent decrepit France and England, while over against me shines America.

We must not assume that nations can do what individuals can; yet the dream of international coöperation will always be most fondly entertained by those who have anticipated it on a microscopic scale. In this particular case it is troublesome, but necessary, to remember that an engagement was proposed at one time and very warmly welcomed, and that then the affair was broken off. A second engagement is always a more nervous matter than the first; there are bound to be teasing and scrupulous examinations of temperament and character, the chances of compatibility. That is the situation in which we now find ourselves, and it makes care and candor a first obligation. There is not very much to be said about France and England when we think of the future of these three. They have been rubbing along within their present boundaries time out of mind, and their dispositions are known. We in England greatly hope that those slow familiar processes of political and social growth which have possessed themselves of our people in past years will continue to be of service and enable us, not too tardily, to adapt ourselves to the changing conditions of the modern world. But whatever

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we do, we shall do nothing unexpected. Our Labour Party itself has taken office in an atmosphere which is all geniality, the blue sky hardly flecked with a cloud, and is governing, as we knew it would, with unconcealed respect for order and tradition and all the deep-founded securities of the national life. Its name is a muddle and will cause difficulties when the illusions of novelty wear off. But that is English. It would not do not to have a muddle somewhere; it would be a suspicious circumstance.

France, again, is a known factor. Her main difficulty, of course, is that the Republican institutions to which she is committed have convinced her head rather than her heart. More than a hundred years ago the French saw clearly a host of truths to which half the rest of the world has not surrendered yet, and they proceeded to translate those truths into action. This was called the Enthronement of Reason. Reason is enthroned in France to this day; reason is in the place that belongs really to affection. The constitution of a country, its politics, are an affair of the heart; we can only work a constitution which we admire and love, and the French, for all their enthusiastic celebrations, neither love nor admire their Republic and only work it as well as they do because of the never-relaxing German menace. Were they at liberty to develop their ideas without a check, the country would quickly break up into bitter factions. For truth is more than life to a Frenchman, and, as each is satisfied his party has it, violence is the only way out. Violence is not democratic, and the French are, in fact, no more democratically inclined than the Italians; but they are bound to their institutions by their common recognition of a national peril. We can count upon France then, whatever aspirations she may feel and express, to be governed in action by an uncompromising pursuit of safety, conceived in its simple, physical terms. That is what we have seen in recent years and that is what we shall continue to see.

We seem to know what France and England stand for, what they may be expected to do, what it may be possible to do with them; but how about America? Have the Americans their *secret* (the Editor asks me)? No, I answer, the Americans have and need no secret; for their life is ahead of them and therefore conceals itself. A secret, after all, is something which, being within you, you cannot or do not want to give away; and the quality

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of the American temperament is to give everything away. It is expansive, trustful; it does not believe in half-gods. Emerson said it somewhere, but I dare not quote him. Their secret, if the word must be used, their open secret is kindness. Those democratic institutions, elsewhere born of grinding, age-long effort or lacerating convulsion, are in America a natural blossom of the soil, trusted and loved like the flowers. Not only so, but it is spontaneously felt that human kindliness is the power that really works them, and an abundance of that power is always available. The sign of affection for others is interest in their affairs. The Americans are far more interested in one another than any other people, and their faculty of interest is even so not all absorbed. They are interested in everything that calls itself a man and, wherever they go, they renew the interest of life. In France, in England, they are more interested in the French and English than these know how to be in one another. I speak without having seen America and merely from knowledge of individual Americans, — of whom I have seen many and am always wanting to see more.

The twentieth century, I incline to think, must in the main be for America what the nineteenth was for England. What was our experience then? We were the first country to exploit steam; we reaped the initial advantages, and, as our wealth increased, our faith in the goodness of the world increased with it, and gave us finally Victorianism, — an epoch when our people were no doubt predominantly "good," better, perhaps, morally than they are now, but not so good as they believed themselves to be: a smug, complacent epoch. With the advantages of steam, England reaped also, it hardly need be said, the disadvantages, in fullest measure: smoke, grime, monotony, degradation. We are more and more aware of these things and rebellious against them; and yet they are still gaining on us, and our once beautiful island is a warning to the world.

And now to America falls the task of exploiting, on a scale commensurate with their splendor, all these new discoveries of science in virtue of which the twentieth century leaves the nineteenth as the nineteenth left the eighteenth, — far, far behind. A part of the trustfulness and kindliness of the American temperament comes, I believe, from a sense of vast material possibilities

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opening out in an illimitable vista into the future. You feel, nationally, as a man over here might feel if he learned, one fine morning, that an o had been added to the figure of his income on the right hand side; a wonderful warmth would pervade his system immediately, yet he might not proceed to occupy his margin of freedom in the best way; that would depend on how much there was lurking in him of fettered wisdom, released and made available by his good fortune.

Now the main fact that one foresees about the great American exploitation of modern science which is yet to come is that it is doomed to be a failure: in the same sense, I mean, in which England's exploitation of her coal was, as it too obviously was, a failure. The ideas with which human minds are working now are, no doubt, more flexible, more adequate than those with which they were working a hundred years ago; but then the complexity of the conditions to which they have to be applied has grown in more than equivalent proportion. Life on the simple nineteenth-century terms is no longer practicable for man. In the older countries we shelter ourselves somewhat against the impact of so much novelty by merely keeping in our ruts. In the New World, the new life goes with unimpeded zest carrying with it all its privileges and all its perils. Nothing human has ever succeeded: "Man never is but always to be blest"; and America, facing the greatest problem that has ever been presented to a nation, must not hope to do more than fail less conspicuously than the rest. Will she consent then (this seems to me the fundamental question) to join hands with nations whose failures are patent and admitted and, in the course of helping them to deal with problems which partly arise out of those failures, acquire the experiences which may mitigate that inevitable failure of her own? France and England are well qualified to be of service to her, because they resemble her, as they resemble one another, so little. France displays, as clearly as could be, all the mistakes that fall upon us when we try to reduce life's infinities to finite terms. That is one of the chief dangers in a scientific age like our own, when our just pride in the growth of exact knowledge leads us easily to forget that the meaning of all we know flows from a single permeating element to which no measurement applies. From France, then, we may discover that saying that a good

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thing shall be done is something absolutely different from doing it, and that when we act in that spirit of intellectual assurance we do the wrong thing invariably. This is her lesson of avoidance; and the lesson of imitation is the refusal to prefer to-morrow to to-day. The religion of France is enjoyment; in virtue of it France is the most beautiful country in the world. The cook in France enjoys cooking, and the housemaid enjoys washing the floor. It is the country of the arts, and where the first of all the arts is the art which we are all obliged to practise all our lives, the art of living. From England the lesson of avoidance is symbolized, surely, in our fogs. To believe in material things means, sooner or later, to be buried under them, and the more muddled your belief the more dismal will your burial be. In one way or another they will get on top of you and you will go down. It may not be so much worse in the end to be suffocated in smoke than to be dissipated by automobiles and electricity. Beware, then, and in our sufferings foresee your own!

Perhaps I seem to have digressed too far from that question of an *entente* which the Editor proposed to me. But everybody knows that the *entente* will come into existence as soon as ever America wishes it to exist, and that she does not wish it largely because, in her view, the other partners would be so little likely to behave themselves! So I have made a clean breast of one or two of our main faults; and my suggestion is that it is worth America's while to come into as close touch with the defaulters as she can. For the weaknesses exposed in us are latent in her own constitution, and she can find no surer way of checking their development than by the vicarious experience and atonement involved in an international partnership.

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THE ADVENT OF THE SUPER-CONSCIOUS

JULES BOIS

SINCE followers of Freud have popularized the study of the subconscious we are too prone to regard it as a sort of murky subterranean area to which unlovely thoughts and instincts are relegated. The newer psychology, of which Jules Bois is an eminent master, insists that this vast unexplored hinterland is also the source of our finest visions and inspirations. The divine and the satanic are both within us; when the former is trained to dominate the latter we shall build up a new humanity with new resources.

OUR life, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual, I have sometimes imagined in the form of a city, — which may be called Psychopolis. The simile suggests a fairly true idea of the human personality, manifold and at the same time a unit. Beneath a great city plays a subterranean agitation and extends that dark, hidden, fundamental region where run the channels of supply and the discharge of waste matter. Over it tower the churches, the palaces of industry and study; then above and above again the sky spreads out, different from the skies of other cities, with a special electricity and color coming from local smoke and vapors and, as it were, from the breath of the collective giant, toiling, praying, revelling, thinking, suffering.

Climatic conditions naturally have their influence; still we can detect a relationship between the tentacular modern cities and their skies, and correctly interpret London's taciturn and repressing mist, New York's dazzling atmosphere, the fine, delicate gray sky of Paris.

Soul, that immaterial city, has also its buried life, where secret thoughts and feelings pursue their way; it has its underlying foundations, its cellars and even its sewers. We begin to be familiar with its dim and complicated labyrinth, — the subconscious. But each psychic town is also enwrapped by a firmament of its own, with blinding sunlight, the calm shining of stars, refreshing rains, and purifying thunderstorms. Yet this firmament also reflects the fires and the clouds beneath it; the heavenly mirror is darkened and intensified by terrene shadows.

Though the sky is common to all, each city has its own, just as each personality has its own Super-Conscious. Even our cosmic self is tinted with individuality.

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The upper abyss, the Super-Conscious, — a counterpart of the abyss beneath, — is not a metaphor invented by poets or exploited by religions. Of course there are people who with lowered gaze have all their lives looked toward the gutters; but philosophers and experimenters of old have described the altitudes peopled with ideals, inspirations, and revelations, which at times descend to us. Suddenly looking up, some modern investigators in the subconscious lowlands have also discovered a marginal self corroborating the intuitive apperceptions of the Greek Plato and the Hindu Patenjali.

Perhaps I shall not be reproached for this parallelism between physical and psychical realms if it is borne in mind that in our own day science has traced in the macrocosm (the universe) and the microcosm (man) interchangeable endowments echoing identical energies. Nature has, summarily speaking, two sons: man and the cosmos. She seems to provide impartially on her right and on her left, like a mother who wishes not to show favoritism to one of her children. There is a strange coincidence between the formulation in psychology of telepathy, for example, and the discovery in physics of the wireless. The gramophone corresponds to cryptesthesia and psychometry, — the power of making alive and afterwards reading the events memorized and hidden in material objects. Clairaudience, clairvoyance, and the stammering of ghosts and Poltergeists appeared more distinct when the radio was beginning to enjoy its vogue. Thus everything occurs as if the soul and body, the universe and man, were marching together on the road of a progress reverberant from mind to matter and from matter to mind.

Yet mankind is slow in reaching a deeper awareness of itself. When beginning this difficult task it loiters at the outset over its weakness and deformities; it has, as it were, a shamefaced reluctance to unveil its nobilities and splendors. The superconscious is still disowned, while the subconscious has had an unqualified welcome.

This proud intelligence of ours easily confounds the auroras illuminating the mountain tops with the phosphorescence gleaming in the cesspools. Certain recent schools of psychiatrists[1]

[1] Max Nordau, Jules Soury, Paul Richer, L. F. Lelut, Lombroso, Binet-Sangle, and Th. Ribot himself, to quote only some leaders.

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thought themselves scientists because they saw in inspiration, saintliness, genius, nothing but degeneracy, while there are fanatics who hail as prophets the sick and the insane. Ignorance may be the portion of the superstitious as well as of the apprentice scientist. Yet the world does move on, going from one excess to another; but, after many oscillations, drawing nearer to equilibrium and truth.

In spite of the popularity of the term "subconscious", employed indiscriminately as it is, time must pass before the general public will have a full and correct idea of its meaning. Still more true is this of the Super-Conscious. Men of high and subtle intellects like William James have, under the same label, confused the Super-Conscious with the subconscious, though they recognized a lack of cohesion, coherence, and consistency in this mélange. Only now do we feel the necessity of cataloguing under another name — Super-Conscious — those genuine, lofty, and beneficent human powers which consequently have no relation with morbid and grotesque phenomena, — truly subconscious rubbish.

As for Freud, not content with omitting conscience from psychology, he sought to disqualify soul-states above the ordinary level of our consciousness. For instance, in the faces of Da Vinci's angels, whose spiritual beauty surpasses sex characteristics, Freud saw the monstrous avowal of homosexuality. Such blindness to truth is itself monstrous.

The ancients were no doubt keener in drawing the line between the approach to the divine and the retrogression to bestiality. They knew perfectly how to show the difference between these two opposite conditions of one being, though the conditions were not scientifically and abstractly classified. The ancients, moreover, were averse to dead and pedantic slang. They viewed the subconscious and the Super-Conscious as living and personified "entelechias." They placed them, like characters on a stage, to play their parts in the drama of life, as they actually do.

The Greek mythological divinities in general were symbols of these two phases of our inner mystery. In the Odyssey, Sirens and Harpies well represented the temptations arising from the corrupt depths of our nature. As for Minerva, Ulysses' pagan guardian angel, she personifies the higher self of the wandering hero.

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Living as we do within the limits of our waking personality, we have a native bent to imagine that ideas and feelings foreign to our everyday consciousness are not veritably our own. Minerva is the wisdom of Ulysses; she inspires and counsels him, but the Olympus she inhabits belongs to the geography of the mind. At this point psychology rectifies mythology, in like manner as by another sense we are able to correct the visual error of refraction of the oar dipped into the water.

In one of his dialogues Lucian of Samosata, — the Voltaire and Diderot of his age, — tells us a story which has since travelled the rounds of all the folklores. It is the fable of the apprentice sorcerer, pupil of Pancrates, — who was "a most divine man, of a thoughtful countenance, bald, with a flat nose and thick lips and long legs, clothed in a linen garment, and talked the purest Greek." Eucrates, the apprentice sorcerer, himself confides to his friends that by soothing the divine Pancrates with kind offices he became at length his most intimate friend.

> "When we came to an inn," said Eucrates, "he would take the bar of the door, or a broom, or a wooden pestle, put a cloth upon it, and repeating certain magic words, order it to walk about and appear to everybody as a man; it would then go about its business, draw water, get the dinner ready, and in short, wait upon us in every respect as dexterously as possible; and when it had performed its offices he would pronounce another magic verse and immediately it became a broom or a pestle again. But this secret, with all I could do, I was never able to get from him. He did not choose to impart it, though in everything else he was always ready to oblige me.
>
> "One day, however, I stood by him in a dark place and privately overheard the charm, which was only of three syllables, after which he went out, giving the necessary orders to his pestle; and the next day, he having some business in the market place, I took my little pestle also, dressed it up, and repeating the three syllables, commanded it to fetch me some water. When it had filled the cask, 'leave off,' said I, 'bring me no more, but be a pestle again.' It did not, however, obey me, but went again and fetched water until the whole house was full of it. Not knowing what to do (for I was afraid of Pancrates' returning and being angry with me for what I had done), I took an axe and split the pestle in two; but both the parts thus severed took the pitchers and drew water, so that instead of one servant I now had two. At this time in came Pancrates, and, understanding how the affair was, immediately reduced them to wood again as they were before the charm. But Pancrates withdrew himself privately from me, I know not how, and I never set eyes on him afterwards.
>
> "'And pray,' said Dinomachus, 'could you not make a man out of a pestle?'

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> "'Yes,' replied he, 'I could do it by halves; but when I had once made a water-carrier of him, I could not reduce him to his original form, but he would continue to draw water till the house swam with it.'"

This old wives' tale contains a most edifying psychological lesson. At first the teaching conveyed by it seems to be misleading, and even to be no teaching at all when we see the automatic energy as outside of us and magically stirred up in a material and substantially inert stick. But, as applied to our subconscious self, the real meaning appears. If the formula did not seem too occult, we could readily say that *the magic wand is within us.*

Within us indeed, since thereby is symbolized the instinctive, germinative, and impulsive power sleeping in our sympathetic system, in our glands, in our plexus, and in our spinal cord, — sleeping, or rather working, — silently, earnestly, indefatigably. This deaf and dumb slave accomplishes within his boundaries the discreet and indispensable functions entrusted to him by the providence of our body.

This subservient subconsciousness is the law of nature in our flesh, and this we have only to study and to admire. But there is another valet, inhabitant of our organism, perhaps a brother of the first, perhaps the same one under a different guise and located in the psychical realm, who is in charge of our inactive memories, fancies, superstitions, hobbies, prejudices, impulses, likes, dislikes, and also of our wildest passions. A dreamy and naughty fellow he is, and our imagination, *la folle du logis*, is his accomplice. Still he does not raise great havoc when driven back into his natural den and kept under control.

But let a nervous shock occur or a violent and sudden impression be made upon us, and the docile and peaceable force, physical and psychical, begins to move in an impetuous flood which nothing can resist. Furthermore the practices of hypnotism, auto-suggestion, spiritism, dervishism, and the like, imprudently performed or ill directed, dislocate our psychical being and set free the inner automaton, without conferring upon us the power of curbing it again and restoring it to its office. As Lucian suggests, it is relatively easy to unchain the deaf-mute steward; the difficulty begins with binding him again when he grows burdensome and dangerous.

The apprentice sorcerer had little trouble in capturing by sur-

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prise the secret for starting the motion, but the magus alone knows the formula for reinstating things in their usual order. He is by no means inclined to transmit the shibboleth to the curious or impatient onlooker. He reserves it to the one in whom he divines another master like himself.

Now, how is the master discernible?

In this, that in him the Super-Conscious has been awakened and functions as a normal habit. Only the higher self infallibly commands the lower. The genius is equipped so that he can easily charm and subdue the satyr, who obeys him willingly. But the satyr resists the common man; or urges him into exorbitancy and folly. Woe to him who plays with the subconscious and yet has not solidly and subtly hitched his wagon to his star, and not welded his lower self to the higher!

Now, perhaps, the necessity in psychology and even in our commonest activities to deal with and resort to the Super-Conscious appears urgent and inevitable. The Super-Conscious is a power within all of us. Still it remains dormant with the majority of men, who, not really believing in soul, spend their days as if they had none. They delude themselves by narrowing the scope of their vision and draining the sap of their activities. Only death will awaken them to their real self. Too late indeed! They have existed without really having lived.

It will be well to note a few historical examples of inspirations which have changed the face of civilization, piercing the opacity of the human mind. Socrates' familiar dæmon imparted to him beneficent admonitions and helped him to "originate the idea of science in this world which we seem to know." Mohammed, ignorant and fanatic, under an impelling unknown force, called by him the Angel Gabriel, received by dictation the Koran, which, whatever may be its intrinsic truth, was the point of departure of the Arabic upheaval. Augustine was elevated to the acme of his power by the strange objurgation "*sume et lege*", which was addressed to him by a voice attributed to an unseen child and really coming from the crypts of his own soul. Above them all soars the Apostle Paul, overwhelmed by a light brighter than the brightness of the sun. Through this light he founded Christianity, the most important event in the history of the world following the coming of Christ.

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They are pioneers, forerunners, models. Still all of us, great, average, small, one day or another, are or have been touched by a coercive flame; we have suddenly been allowed a glimpse of our own sacred fire. At times it comes like a sweet angelus sounding from the village church to the evening traveller on the lonely road. At times our psychic organism seems to be torn asunder to free a passage for its fugitive gleams. Then it is not the subconscious alone which is quickened; something higher has made use of the subconscious, — but only as a vehicle.

This is an enigma which no reasoning can totally explain. Perchance we may understand it better through a parable. A child has been transported by his parents to a strange room, never before explored. He is bound to a chair. It is night. The place is in utter darkness. The only spot of light is a small circle on the table made by a feeble lamp with a thick shade. What can the child believe? He believes the room is limited to that small circle of light, and for him the surrounding space is useless void. With his hands only partially free, he sketches childish signs and characters in the circle of light on the table, and thinks these scrawls are the best that can be done.

But suddenly the window blows open; a violent wind rushes in; the shade is upset; the small flame, fanned by the wind, becomes immense; all that was obscure before is now luminous. The whole chamber is revealed, full of art treasures, beautiful pictures, and books containing divine wisdom.

We can easily guess the meaning of this allegory. Like that child, we live in the midst of darkness, before a pale and narrow halo circumscribing our everyday actions. The glimmer of the shaded lamp is our limited consciousness, our ordinary and passive "me." The child's parents who bound him to the chair are the present circumstances in which we find ourselves, the coercive powers of determinism and fate, which the Buddhists call "Karma." And the furious and liberating wind is a deep sorrow, a great joy, an enthusiasm, or a sickness, an ominous event, a marvelous voyage, a severe trial, or a great sacrifice.

But this providential emergency, stirring us to a change, is brief. At the sound of the window just opened, the parents hasten into the room. What a scandal! This noise, this brusque illumination, this too precocious expansion of knowledge! No, all must

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return to order, to the order of mediocrity. The child is tied anew more firmly into his chair. The shade is back on the lamp; again the boy looks down on the table, but sees there only the little circle dimly lighted, with his first scrawls.

Hours pass. Was the vision of the room in its beauty and entirety an erroneous impression of his mind, a fancy, an hallucination? Such is the most common story of the awakening of our true soul, followed by distrust and oblivion. We have been witnesses of unknown marvels and participators in the Super-Conscious powers, each of us, at least once in the course of our days. Alas! our humdrum life seizes us again. We forget because we yield to the temptation to forget, and we doubt . . . . Little by little, that which was and is supreme reality fades away into a delusion, and the actual delusion becomes the unique reality.

But such is not the conclusion drawn by the man of character to whom this experience did not come in vain. To him the revelation was not a surprise, because he had long been prepared to receive it. Even though that experience should be granted him but rarely, or but once, he holds to it, and will never be wholly severed from it. The vision, for its part, will be faithful to him; the vision, which is a power arisen within him, maintained and fed by perseverance and faith.

In the past we have a typical example of this in the half prophet Mohammed. Political intrigue or the enervation of polygamy enfeebled him, to the impairment of the solemn teaching in the desert. Still something thereof remained immovably fixed in Mohammed. His consciousness may have wavered; but his faith sustained him to final victory. How much more is this true of a saint like Joan of Arc, or of an apostle like Paul! They kept themselves pure: she obeyed the voice; he obeyed the light. Their lives, forever transfigured, are an eternal benefit to mankind.

We may not hope for so much as this; but at least we can turn to better account the dimmer light which comes to us from the supernormal ego. To this end this new psychology is of peculiar interest to us. It aids us because it teaches us that the truth of our soul is not a mystical fancy but a reality. Now we experimentally know that the Super-Conscious exists; that it is a force in our hearts as well as in our intellect, and that it speaks the truth, while the subconscious is often merely a liar.

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NEW IMPRESSIONS

Part Two

HAVELOCK ELLIS

As the War Revealed Them

IT occurs to me, as I wander here, afar from the mad world, over these sunny and undulating Cornish Downs, tasting the belated summer I missed amid the sad ruins of tortured Ireland, it occurs to me that the day will come, and is indeed now here, when the men of to-day will be judged by their attitude towards the Great War.

When I look into myself, I seem to see that I already apply that test instinctively. I think, for instance, of my attitude towards that poet, — surely I have not forgotten his name? — to whose work I had been drawn before he won a definite public recognition. I had even bought his poems, — which one hardly does for the sake of the beautiful eyes of any obscure poet, — rather arid poems, indeed, a little dark, not always musical, yet, it seemed, the outcome of a personality with a genuine vision and subtle emotions, some of which made an intimate appeal. But he published a book in which were some feeble little patriotic verses about the War. The great poet knows how to show love of his country greatly, even sometimes by chastising it. But here was merely the overflow of the feminine hysterical mob passion, however altered in external guise. There was nothing more to be said. One may smile tenderly when a frightened woman screams and runs, but one scarcely feels called upon to acclaim a gesture of greatness. One is merely in the presence of weakness.

Yet perhaps we should resolutely determine to see more in it than that. The Great War has not merely been the test of a man's nobility of character; it has been the test of his devotion to the cause of humanity, to the supreme good of the world. Little enough, as we know, the herd cares for that. But if we want to find out what our would-be spiritual and intellectual leaders are worth, let us search diligently to find out their records during the War. Have they in speech or action encouraged that War? Have they spoken evil of those who fought on the other side?

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Have they pharisaically asserted their own superior self-righteousness? Have they like imbeciles accepted the empty catchwords of their politicians? If not, it is well, and we may hold up our heads. But else they are judged, — and we who made them leaders are judged, — for by their own mouths they are declared foul emanations of the passions of the crowd, Poison Gas made Flesh. It is meet they are branded on the brows with the Mark of the Beast to which they have sold what they call their souls. So all their fellows may know whom they had to thank for the blessings of the Great War. And if they show their gratitude by hardening the muscles of their arms, and gathering all the serpents they can find to make a scourge to lash the backs of these leaders until not one of them is left, perhaps, after all, there might not be less joy on earth.

That impulse may well move within us all in so far as we possess any fibre of that spirit which raised Man from the slime and some day, possibly, may raise him further yet. But "in so far" may not be very far. We know also that Man is a gregarious animal, like the Pig, — that fellow gregarian we so often hypocritically malign, — and we know all about the Gadarene swine, and we know how prudent it is to cast the pearls of our wisdom elsewhere than before them. So we must be prepared to accept good-humoredly the reply of the average person to any invitation to lift Man that further inch higher, a reply that is sure to be a cheerful: "I don't think."

The world is essentially Absurd. We usually fail to see it for the good reason that we fail to see the world at all. We rarely have that Intuition of the Absurd, that power of seeing the world whole and apart from our personal ends which Bergson has in his mellifluous way explained Intuition to be. But it is a part of its Absurdity that there should be a little thread of Reason running through the world, and in so far as we discern that thread, and hold by it, we have attained the Intuition of the Absurd, we have seen the world with the eyes of God, we have lifted ourselves above the Herd in the Slime.

Man and Nature

The long straight waves advance swiftly across the little bay on this open Atlantic coast, with what seems a joyous eagerness

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beneath the cloudless blue sky; their crests slowly rise and curve forward to fall in foam from which a fine white smoke ascends, and at their flanks on each side of the bay they crash, to break variously and delightfully over the great rocky boulders of slate scattered fantastically along the shore, leaving large basins here and there in the rocks, often deep and full of clear water, bright mirrors shining in the sun, touched now and again by the exhilarating northwest wind into ever varying ripples, endlessly flowing and shining lines of light, revealing all the beauty and significance of light, so that I never grow tired of watching their delicate and graceful play.

Alone but for a few meditative gulls, I sit among the rocks and dream of the miracle of this restless, antiseptic sea that for millions of years has been slowly and tirelessly absorbing all the rejected filth that the Earth and now Man can pour into her, and still to-day, as at the first, sends forth her fresh procession of waves in Purity and Joy, for the sacred lustration of an Evil World.

There is, it is true, a difference. The sea has become a little salter, though not more antiseptic than the earth's increasing foulness demands. For we are making ever greater demands on the sea, forever making harder the "priestly task of pure ablution." Even in this little remote bay, with scarce half a dozen simple little houses near, there is visible, just above high-water mark, obscene human rubbish of all kinds, which it will take long years for the wind and the sea to sweep away and purify and transmute.

Yet there are people among us, and not a few, who view with complacency the vast increase of the world's population everywhere taking place, people who would even urge the human procreative impulse to still wilder excesses. Until every square yard of the earth is intensively cultivated by Man, until the virulent air is soaked with the noxious fumes of human machinery, until the sea is poisonous with human effluvia, until all earth's shores are piled high with the sordid refuse of human maleficence, it seems to these people that the world will never feel happy.

This is not an imaginary possibility of evil, lying in some remote and problematic future. We are faced by it, here and now, in every so-called civilized country of the world. It is not less threatening in the Australian Bush than in Europe or America,

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for those old lands are in any case damned and the new lands might yet be saved. In the early days of the world, even until a few centuries ago, there was no unnatural and inhuman quarrel between Man and Nature, for Man was still even in his external life, — as at heart he must ever be, — in harmony with Nature. But now, through superfluity of cleverness and wickedness, — however admirable each of these qualities may be in moderation, — Man has involuntarily entered into a contest with Nature, fatal alike to him and to her, yet a contest from which it is hard to draw back. Its fatality for Nature we see on every hand. As regards one small corner of the world, Dr. James Ritchie, who speaks with authority, has lately drawn a terrible picture in his substantial work on "The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland." Man arrived late in Scotland, — he had already reached the Neolithic stage, — and he found a rich fauna there on his arrival. He proceeded to destroy utterly the nobler fauna of free and beautiful creatures, — many of them working for his good had he but known, — and replaced it by a degraded fauna, virtually of his own creation, and yet only existing to prey upon him. He found the reindeer and the elk and the wolf and the brown bear and the lynx and the beaver and the otter and the buzzard and the bittern and the water-ousel and the golden eagle and the sea eagle and the osprey and the great auk. And he killed them all. And in their stead he placed by countless millions the rabbit and the sparrow and the earthworm and the caterpillar and the rat and the cockroach and the bug, scarcely or at all found there before he brought them, and they have flourished and preyed. For, as Ritchie has shown, Man's influence upon Nature, even when it seems but tiny and temporary, is yet in its total effect greater than imagination can grasp.

Scotland is but a small part of the world, and (so at least every Scottish man who has turned his back on it tells us) among the more favored parts. Other regions have suffered more, and the best regions most, though they have produced no Ritchie to tell the tale. Everywhere we see Man to-day surrounded by a cloud of animal and vegetable parasitic vermin, from rodents to bacteria, multiplying as he multiplies and even more rapidly, so that he can never overcome it, preying upon him and slaying him, rendering him, indeed, in the process so poisonous that

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when a boatful of apparently healthy civilized Europeans is landed on a remote island inhabited by simple natural men it has sometimes left death-spreading infection behind. The old Greek myth of Chronos and Zeus has at length been translated into prosaic fact. Man has slain Nature, the Mother that gave birth to him and devastated all the wonder and beauty of the world that was given to his charge. Now in his turn he is about to be slain by the swarm of living things he has himself in effect created.

Yet there is still a way of escape open to Man. If, even yet, he should gain conscious and deliberate control of his own fatal power of reproduction, if he could learn to bring his own kind back again into better adjusted perspective with Nature, by decreasing his reproductive exuberance to increase the possibilities of free and exalted living, he would be making what seems to many foolish people the Great Renunciation of life which would yet be in reality the Great Triumph of life.

There are thinkers who have occupied themselves with the problem of the exact mode of Man's ending. Some imagine it will be by an epidemic of collective insanity, of which germs may already be detected. Others, a little more hopeful, believe that Man will see things as they are at last, and act accordingly, though only when it is too late to save any fragment of the earth worth saving.

Yet to-day is not too late if Man but knew, not too late to save the world, or at least to win what is left of it for spacious and pleasant living to a finer human race that had become the reasonable artists of its own size and shape. To-day is still offered a Choice, — "brief and yet endless."

Man: Whim of Nature

The wind has been blowing a stiff gale from the west all night, and sudden squalls have swept in now and again. This morning the wind has dropped and the sky for a while is blue. But the sea is still alive; her pulse beats mightily from the sting of the wind's kisses. Her body is still restless and writhing, her limbs far flung. Not to-day, as so often, is she sending in the slow solemn ranks of rollers to curve smoothly and break delicately as they came to land. To-day the waves rush in swiftly in great irregular masses, falling to pieces in their haste, to clash and melt in one another,

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or rise as they unite in a spasm of inverted cascades. Nearer in, the turbulent, swift, irregular waves crash wildly against the rocks in infinite variety of living motion, or roll back in some strangely irregular step of the dance-measure to leap into each other's arms, and then to bound on with renewed energy; and here mountains of foam arise as some huge boulder is struck; and here delicate whiffs ascend a few feet only, resting in the air long enough for the eye to catch the outline of their beauty; and here the foam mounts and spreads like a huge hand closing tenderly all over some slope of rock, inserting its fingers lovingly into every cranny. And now, as the tide sweeps nearer, the exuberant foam is everywhere leaping in great joyous white flames on to the cliffs, and again I see it surging up even beyond the dark, high hill that shuts off the next inlet of the sea, even when the hill becomes a green slope, leaping in spires, amid vaster masses of foam, a cloudy exhilarating mist which floats softly towards me, while a low deep-rumbling bass seems to furnish the pivot on which the wild fugal dance turns in harmonious rhythm.

So it is to-day. So it was in days long æons before any of the things that we in our narrow sense call living moved on the earth. The waves clasped one another then with just as joyous love. There was life and there was play and there was art and there was music and dance. The same words would fit the waves then that we apply to our most admired beings of human flesh. But there was none to mark. So by some stress of unconscious desire Nature created her little mechanical living toys that could see and feel. It seemed not enough, so she created Man, who could not only see and feel but know, realizing the world from outside, as she realizes it, incorporating her Godhead of the Seventh Day. Therewith her desire was fulfilled and there was nothing more to do. Nature has had her whim. There was not so much in it after all. And she had to pay for it. Man proved a dangerous plaything. Only one problem remains: How to dispose of him?

She will solve the problem some day. On that day the sea will still come rolling in with the same joyous life and the same bright beauty. But once a creature stood here who saw and felt and knew that beauty. It will have been enough.

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Aura and Ectoplasm

As I lay with closed eyes half asleep there appeared out of blankness on the curtain of my eyelid the vision of a beautiful anonymous feminine face, and in a few moments faded as involuntarily as it appeared. The like phenomenon is apt to happen to most people. Therefore the miracle of such creation out of seeming nothingness escapes attention. It scarcely seems worth notice save to those among us who now and then discuss hypnogogic hallucinations for the languid interest of a few psychological readers. It is only to the rare child of genius, whose vision is not dulled by familiarity, that the inexplicable marvel is apparent. Of such was Leonardo da Vinci, who, after briefly summing up the familiar wonders of our dream life, can exclaim with awe: "Oh! maraviglia della umana spezie!"

To-day I look through a pretentious just-published book which contains a long series of photographs representing the course of the materialization of a face not so unlike the face I saw last night. The author attaches much importance to this phenomenon, and seeks to build up a theory of psychic dynamism which shall explain the whole mystery of life. One need not grudge him his theory, however free one may oneself be from any anxiety to explain the whole of that mystery. Yet, granting the authenticity of these photographs, — and I do not feel it necessary to dispute this, — it scarcely seems to me that such "materialization" furnishes any new and revolutionary basis for a theory of the universe, whatever bearing it may have on unrecognized aptitudes of the human mind. This woman, this medium, with her special organization and special faith, has, we assume, succeeded in making the image of a beautiful human face visible to other eyes than her own. It slowly forms, and, in a little while, slowly disintegrates and fades. The like happened in my vision. The difference is that mine appeared spontaneously, and against the inner curtain of my eyelid, so it was only visible to me. The medium's appeared against the background of her blouse, was visible to other people and affected the photographer's sensitized plate. The one vision would be as miraculous as the other if they were both equally rare, and the one vision remains as significant as the other vision so far as any theory of the universe is con-

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cerned. The materialized vision might well be merely a condensation and a moulding of the ordinary human "aura" which, it has been found, may be normally influenced by the will.

For the miracle of Man is always developing, though each new stage is but a further phase of the original miracle, and so brings no change into the universe. Saints of old walked with halos round their heads, and painters painted them, many centuries before the human aura was detected by men of science. It is not many years since Dr. Kilner first found that by looking through a fragment of chemically prepared glass, — though with care the unaided eye suffices, — at a naked human form, the body is seen framed in an aura which varies at different times and in different persons. A few months ago, in Dr. Kilner's laboratory at Bury St. Edmunds, I was privileged to see, — though like many other things this can be seen, and then sometimes but elusively, only after a little training of the eye, — the seemingly vaporous aura surrounding the head and body of a naked young woman who stood passively before a screen in a rather subdued light. Shelley sang of the sage "with inner glory crowned." He might have been pleased to know that we are all thus crowned with glory, and women to greater extent than men.

Yet the simplest and commonest things of the world are the greatest of miracles. I know no greater miracle than when from between the thighs of a woman one sees a complete new human being slowly emerge head first into the world. All our explanations, all our theories of descent, of heredity, our jargon, harsh or beautiful, of zygotes and chromosomes, do not make it explicable; they merely smother it in words, concealing rather than revealing. We are no further from miracle than when we fabled that Eve arose from the side of sleeping Adam into the Garden of Eden.[1]

[1] Thereupon I wrote to Dr. Kilner to inquire whether this fairly obvious indentification of the normal "human aura" with the abnormal "ectoplasm," as it has been called, of the medium, had been suggested by others. The reply came from his daughter that he had died not very long after my visit. As often happens with those who work alone, and ahead of their fellows, his disappearance had not been noticed. But he lived just long enough to complete the second enlarged edition of his book on the human aura.

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THE POLITICS OF WHEAT

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

THE wheat farmers, aided and abetted by Republicans and Democrats, have been trying to cure their economic ills with political nostrums. The absolute failure of legislative action to affect conditions that are the result of economic forces leaves them with faith in political action unimpaired. Attributing the negative results of past political intervention on their behalf solely to the incompetence or perfidy of the major parties, they turn to La Follette, in whom they reaffirm their faith in panaceas.

TO those remote from the grain-growing regions of the Middle West, the phenomenon of La Follette remains more or less inexplicable. He champions the farmers, but what, precisely, do they want and expect him to do for them? During the past four years the so-called "agricultural bloc" has been potent in Congress, and has secured the enactment of various capital laws expressly designed to help the grain growers; why are they still politically so clamorous? During the summer, grain prices advanced notably, with no La Follette to guide them, and still the growers denounce Republicans and Democrats alike. What is the explanation of the embattled farmer of 1924?

Early last July, a man in Minneapolis telegraphed his associate in the East: "Wheat up eleven cents; Canada reports partial crop failure; God is certainly a good Republican." Good, but tardy. If the weather conditions which prevailed in the United States, Canada, and Europe during the spring and summer of this year had been thrown back to 1923, their influence on political history might have been enormous. As it was, the economic change came too late; the launching of the La Follette campaign expressed, not the optimism with which the present crop year began in July, but the cumulative protest against four consecutive years of low grain prices, and of utterly delusive hopes of legislative relief. It is in the history of those years that the basis for the new political movement must be sought.

On June 1, 1920, the average farm price of a bushel of wheat throughout the United States, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, was $2.58; on August 1, 1923, it was 84 cents. This, in a single sentence, is the explanation of nine-tenths of the political turmoil which has so bewildered observers of the Middle West.

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The farmer from 1920 to 1924 was, as always, an exceedingly unsound economist. This was partly because, in the past at any rate, he had been consistently taken advantage of by those who marketed his products. Other men had grown rich from his labors; not unnaturally he came to believe that low farm prices were always and wholly the results of a conspiracy to defraud him. He regarded the economic abstractions of supply and demand as mere dust thrown to blind his eyes. Political leaders, capitalizing his rebelliousness, told him that he was being systematically robbed, and that all he needed was adequate legislation against the robbers. Ninety-nine farmers out of every hundred still honestly believe that the right kind of government can and will legislate wealth into their pockets; they have elected such senators as Magnus Johnson and Brookhart, Frazier and Ladd, because they are convinced that the first cause of their troubles has been political, not economic.

Republicans and Democrats alike have encouraged the grain growers to cling to this pernicious illusion, by repeatedly promising them legislative remedies which could not possibly effect a cure. Bottle after bottle of congressional patent medicine was poured down the farmer's throat, to the intense aggravation of his internal pains, but all that he and his vociferous doctors could think of doing was to change the nostrum and increase the dose. More than to any other one thing, the La Follette movement in the Middle West owes its inception to the glowing promises and the disastrous failures of farm relief legislation during the three and a half years of the Harding-Coolidge administration, for these repeated failures convinced the farmers that it was time to have done with Republicans and Democrats alike, and to put in power a government which would do for them what the established parties had so readily promised and so conspicuously failed to perform. That the failure was foredoomed had no weight with the farmers, because they neither understood nor believed it; the political blunder lay in the promises.

Three types of relief for the farmer, and specifically for the wheat grower, were undertaken by Congress between April of 1921 and June of 1924. The first and most conspicuous one was the tariff. In 1920, when the great break in grain prices took place, wheat was still on the free list, and importations from

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Canada were relatively large. It was argued that a high enough tariff wall to keep out all Canadian wheat would secure the entire home market to the domestic growers, at a price substantially equal to the price of Canadian wheat plus the duty. The first step in establishing protection for the farmer was the emergency tariff law, vetoed by President Wilson on the final day of his tenure of office, on the ground that it could not possibly prove effective, but promptly passed again by Congress and signed by President Harding in May, 1921. This law placed an import duty of thirty-five cents a bushel on wheat, — ten cents higher than the wheat duty of the old Payne-Aldrich schedule. The halls of Congress rang with the oratory of those who proclaimed that the wheat farmer's problem was solved.

What happened? Two months before the emergency act became effective, the average farm price of wheat was $1.34 a bushel; after it had been in operation two months, the price was $1.05. Within six months it was down to 93 cents. The high tariff advocates claimed that without the special duty the market would have gone still lower; the fact remained that an unprecedentedly high tariff had been established solely to put up the price of wheat, and the price of wheat had fallen beyond all possible expectations. Explanations have been many and grotesquely varied; it is probably enough to say that wheat imports, at their maximum, have never amounted to as much as six per cent of the total United States supply, whereas the wheat surplus which cannot be consumed at home, and therefore must be exported, ranges from twenty up to thirty per cent of the crop. In other words, shutting out imports meant little or nothing when, as was the case in 1921, there was no adequate foreign market for the export surplus; the tariff proved totally impotent to offset the steadily falling level of wheat prices in the great buying markets of Europe.

The spring of 1924 gave another demonstration of precisely the same phenomenon. Under the provisions of the present tariff law, the President is empowered to increase by not more than fifty per cent the duty on any commodity when, after due investigation, the United States Tariff Commission reports that the existing duty is inadequate to offset the difference in production costs between the United States and any competing foreign

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nation. The Tariff Commission, early in March, reported that the cost of wheat production in Canada was forty-two cents a bushel less than in the United States, and on March 7 the President by proclamation advanced the duty on wheat from thirty cents to forty-two cents a bushel. Within ten days the price of Chicago May wheat, — the basis on which all other wheat prices were established, — declined nine cents a bushel.

This is the record of farm relief through the agency of the tariff, — not an analytical study, but a mere listing of duties, prices, and dates. The farmer was never honestly and frankly told that no tariff could offset the depressing influence of a surplus production of two hundred million bushels. He was told simply that the tariff on wheat would bring him better prices, and the price went steadily down. He did not lose his faith in the efficacy of laws to conquer economics, — a fundamental article in his creed, — but he became embittered against laws of Republican manufacture.

The second type of agricultural relief undertaken by Congress took the form of increased credit facilities. Since the farmer needed money, why not lend it to him? All very well, except that no small part of the farmer's trouble was already due to too much credit. During and immediately after the war, grain growing was immensely profitable; farm land values went up inordinately, and much of the land was heavily mortgaged. The farmer who owned a quarter-section added another hundred and sixty acres at the top price, borrowing the money from the local bank; the farmer who had been content with a Ford bought a Packard on the security of his land. Then came the collapse of grain prices; land values fell until in many cases the loans far exceeded the security. The banks could lend no more; many of them found no alternative to failure.

At this juncture the government stepped in with offers of more loans through the agency of the Federal Farm Loan Board. The farmers grasped eagerly at the proffered relief, only to find that at best it meant merely an exchange of creditors; in most cases it actually increased their burdens. The bankers were helped because a few of their mortgages were transferred to the government; some of the wholesalers secured payments on long overdue accounts; the farmers themselves acquired new debts.

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The activity of the Federal Farm Loan Board between 1920 and 1924 in the grain section was beneficial to those with whom the farmer dealt, but the farmer himself found little enough for which to be thankful. As with the tariff, the government had come with promises of help, and had left him with a heavier load than before.

Finally, Congress undertook to relieve the grain grower's troubles through close regulation of the system and methods of grain trading. This was a direct appeal to the farmer's traditional hatred for the dealer who markets his products, for the entire system typified by the Chicago Board of Trade. Tie up the grain speculator by restricting trade in futures, — in promises, that is, to deliver or take delivery of grain at some future date, — and the farmer, no longer robbed by speculation at his expense, will secure the full value for his products. Accordingly, after nearly two years of legislative fuss, the Capper-Tincher law was enacted. Whereupon, wheat prices, instead of advancing, dropped. The force of wheat speculation had normally been on the "bull" side of the market, exerting its strengthening influence whenever a break occurred; the curtailment of speculation withdrew this support, and left the farmers to pay the loss out of their own pockets.

Here again, the farmers failed to understand what had happened. They were just as convinced as ever of the soundness of the principle on which the Capper-Tincher law was based; they had lost nothing of their belief in the efficacy of a measure which should really prevent speculation in grain. And yet the Capper-Tincher law, for all the promises of its supporters, had brought them no better prices, and its failure resulted in a profound suspicion of the integrity, or efficiency, or both, of the political parties in control of Congress. The time had come for a government able to pass laws that would really work.

Promises and unfulfillment: The climax came last June, with the defeat in Congress of the McNary-Haugen bill. On this measure the farmers pinned their hopes through a spring of low prices and restricted markets, during which the grain export demand dwindled to a mere shadow of its former self. The bill was an almost incredibly bungling effort to defy economic laws; it was based on principles of price fixing discredited the world

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over, and its passage would have given the wheat growers a few months of problematic prosperity at the cost of a prolonged period of disaster far worse than any they had experienced. No matter, the farmers believed in it, and their congressional henchmen worked mightily for it; the Republicans and Democrats combined to kill it. The vote which put an end to the months of debate on the McNary-Haugen bill was the best thing which Congress had managed to do for the farmers in a decade, but they could see only the wreck of their immediate hopes, and the long smouldering wrath against the two old political parties burst forth.

And then, perversely, the price of wheat, which had defied every offort to strengthen it by legislation, suddenly began to go up. The one measure on which the farmers had most relied had barely been laid in its grave when the advance began. A wheat shortage in Europe, reports of serious damage to the growing crop in Canada, prospects of a great revival of the foreign demand, and within a month the price of wheat had gone up thirty cents a bushel. Never did economics more successfully play comedy at the expense of politics. If only the change had come sooner! If only it had followed the enactment of any one of the many farm relief laws,—if it had followed anything except the killing of the law the farmers cared most about! One would think that the event might have shaken the faith of the grain grower in political remedies for economic troubles, and might have proved to him that his prosperity depends on the proper adjustment of supply to demand; but there is no sign of it. The farmer has exchanged despondency for hope, but he has not forgotten that for four years he was the victim of promises which were not fulfilled. A whole year of prosperity might have changed his attitude; as it is, he clings to the belief that governments can make the sun stand still and divide the waters of the Red Sea,—provided that it is a government presided over by neither Republicans nor Democrats.

Whatever happens in the November elections, the short session of Congress, with its strong and active "agricultural bloc," will undoubtedly be asked to consider further farm aid legislation. Higher prices for wheat and other grain, due to a sudden readjustment of the foreign demand, may lessen the urgency of the

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plea, but the farmer is very far from being out of trouble and debt.

What can this government, or any government, do to help him? As a matter of fact, very little. It has tried one legislative experiment after another, and failed. Fixed minimum prices, such as underlay the McNary-Haugen bill, would mean only a repetition of the war-time experience, when the artificially high price level stimulated production to such a point that the weight of the unsalable surplus finally broke down the entire market structure. Subsidized exports, in the end have always defeated their own purpose by undermining the price foundation of the normal export trade. The government can accomplish something by the direct investment of public funds in the improvement of farm lands and in the purchase of livestock to encourage wider diversification, exactly as it now invests public money in irrigation projects. Such investments cannot advantageously take the form of loans; the government must go into the transaction as the farmer's partner, entitled to its share of the profits but also assuming its fair responsibility for the losses. A bill to authorize such an undertaking, the Norbeck-Burtness bill, was actually prepared by a committee of agricultural experts last winter, but was killed in the Senate by a close vote.

Fundamentally, however, the problem of farm relief can be solved only by the farmers themselves. They must learn to get as much out of their land as it is capable of producing, and they must learn to be business men. Specifically, the wheat farmer must cease trying to make a living out of raising eight or nine bushels of wheat to the acre from land that successive years of wheat cropping have robbed of its fertility. At any price there is no profit in the nine-bushel wheat farm, — and the average wheat yield per acre in North Dakota in 1923 was 7.1 bushels! In Western Canada in 1923 the average wheat yield was 22.1 bushels to the acre. Virgin soil, yes, but in France, where every available foot of ground has been made to bear crops for centuries, the wheat yield per acre in 1923 was 21.3 bushels. Eight bushels of wheat to the acre, at one dollar a bushel, mean a gross return hardly more than enough to pay interest on the purchase price of $100 land; twenty bushels an acre, at the same price, yield a fair profit above all expenses. No law can make the farmer ro-

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tate his crops so as to increase his yields to a point where they earn money for him, but the iron rule of economic necessity, supported by education, is actually accomplishing it.

Wise farming methods, of themselves, are not enough; the farmer must learn not only to raise crops, but to market them. He will never really do this until he stops depending on special legislation, and makes up his mind to depend on himself. At present he assumes that the machinery of grain marketing is essentially faulty, and he is now seeking to construct a new marketing system of his own. Within the past few months the Grain Marketing Company, organized by the American Farm Bureau Federation, with a capital of $26,000,000, has taken over the properties and business of five of the largest among the old private grain concerns of the country. The future of this gigantic experiment is as yet doubtful. In recent years the grain trade, as the Federal Trade Commission's investigations have shown, has made very little money, and it does not seem likely that the new, farmer-controlled selling agency can materially reduce the margin between the price at which grain is bought on the farm and that at which it is sold to the manufacturer or for export. The main value of the plan will probably lie in its power to educate the farmer in business methods. It will help, more than anything else, to teach him that grain prices are determined by the relationship between world supply and world demand, and to regulate his own production, as any manufacturer does, according to the probable market.

The one great obstacle, as has already been pointed out, is the farmer's own stubbornness in believing that his ailments can be cured by political, not economic, remedies. To this basic error Republicans and Democrats alike have contributed strength by their promises; the La Follette movement encourages it still more. Of all the things that the government can undertake for the purpose of farm relief, there is only one that is likely to prove permanently effective: An outspoken refusal to attempt further legislative cures. When the grain grower is no longer encouraged by the government to believe that laws can make him rich, he will set to work, through better farming and business methods, to enrich himself.

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EXPLORING THE ATOM

With Dr. Bohr's Quantum Theory

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SCIENCE advances through the rise and fall of hypotheses. These are the scientific explanations of observed phenomena. As more precise instruments and methods reveal new facts old hypotheses become inadequate, — they no longer fit all the facts. A new one is, then, advanced. Such is the Quantum Theory, the newest explanation of the mysteries of the atom's structure and internal behavior. To its development many scientists have contributed, but in its present form it is the work of Doctor Niels Bohr.

THE quantum theory is a theory of the smallest objects that we know; of the atoms of matter, the waves of light, the tiny separate particles of electricity that we call electrons.

Beneath the visible structure of the universe there exists, we have discovered, another universe almost infinitely finer in grain. Solid objects like a block of lead are not really solid at all; they are mostly space. Motionless objects like a grain of sand lying on the table are not really without motion; the sand grain, for example, is a mass of billions of tiny particles all in the most rapid movement, some of them at speeds exceeding 20,000 miles a second.

Furthermore, this newly discovered sub-universe that underlies and constitutes all familiar things discloses a most intimate relation between matter and light. Every fire that burns, every glowing filament inside the bulb of an electric lamp, every flash of lightning in the summer sky; each of these is both the deathbed and the birthplace of innumberable atoms of matter. Wherever light is being produced, there matter is being disrupted and reformed. It is the birth and death of atoms that keeps the universe from going blind.

The new knowledge of these things has already revolutionized the science of physics. Familiar scientific dogmas like the indestructibility of matter or the impossibility of perpetual motion have been abandoned. Still more fundamental principles, — the Principle of the Conservation of Energy, the Wave Theory of Light, the Law of Action and Reaction, — are under serious question. Not since Copernicus removed the earth from its supposed place at the center of the universe has there been so com-

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plete a revision of scientific theories as has taken place in the past two decades under the impetus of these new discoveries about the substructure of matter, electricity, and light.

Foremost among these novelties is the quantum theory. The first suggestion of it was made in 1900 by Dr. Max Planck of the University of Berlin, who, for having done so, received the Nobel prize in 1919. In 1905 Dr. Albert Einstein, the same who acquired so much fame from his theory of relativity, added some ideas to the quantum theory and he, too, was honored with the Nobel prize in 1921. A distinguished American physicist, Dr. R. A. Millikan, made his contributions and received another Nobel prize, that for 1923. And the prize of 1922 went to Dr. Niels Bohr of the University of Copenhagen for his application of the quantum theory to the problems of the structure of atoms. Since no award was made in 1920, this means that the last four awards of the foremost scientific prize out of a possible five were given for work on the quantum theory; not a bad record for a single scientific theory.

The greatest present interest of the quantum theory lies in the prize work for 1922, that of Dr. Bohr applying the theory to the physics of atoms. All the ordinary properties of material things depend ultimately on atoms; on the relations of one atom to another and on how the atoms are built up out of the two kinds of smaller particles that they contain, the electrons and the other particles that are called positive nuclei.

Why is coal black and gold yellow? Why is steel strong and wax weak? Why is gasoline explosive while asbestos is unburnable? Why is water a wet liquid at ordinary temperatures and a hard, crystalline solid when the temperature falls below the freezing point?

The answers to these questions lie within the atoms. They are among the questions that the quantum theory promises to help us understand.

Professor Bohr expresses his ideas of the application of the quantum theory to atoms in the form of two fundamental statements which he calls his postulates. The first one is:

"Among the conceivable states of motion of an atomic system there are a number of so-called stationary states in which the motion of the particle to a close approximation follows exactly

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the laws of classical mechanics, but which are distinguished by a characteristic mechanically unexplainable stability which leads to the result that every permanent change in the motion of the system must consist in a complete transition from one stationary state to another."

Being formulated to attain exactness and to avoid ambiguity, this postulate is not especially easy reading. It will be clearer from an illustration and, since it is easier to think in ordinary sizes than it is in terms of atoms and electrons, let us take for illustrative purposes the motion of a wheel turning on an axle; the motion, for example, of a bicycle wheel that has been raised off the ground so that the wheel will turn freely.

Such a wheel can be turned at any speed that we may wish. If a small pressure be applied to the pedals the wheel may be speeded up slowly or any desired speed may be maintained. It may be slowed down in the same way. If it is left alone it will slow down by itself because of the friction that is always present. The change from one speed to another speed is a smooth change, without jerks.

This is our ordinary experience with wheels. But let us suppose that we have constructed somehow a very peculiar kind of wheel that behaves like an atom; a wheel that obeys Professor Bohr's first postulate of the quantum theory as quoted above. This quantum-theory wheel will behave quite differently from any real wheel with which we are familiar.

Its speed will not vary smoothly. Instead of being capable of revolving at *any* speed, depending upon the energy supplied to the pedals, the quantum-theory wheel will consent to revolve only at certain definite speeds. No matter what we do to it, it will not revolve at any other speed.

We may have, for example, a wheel that will revolve at a speed of 2 revolutions a second but not at any slower speed. It will also revolve at a speed of 4 revolutions a second, or at a speed of 6 revolutions a second, or at 8 revolutions, and so on. Its speed, that is, may be either 2 revolutions a second or any exact multiple of this figure. *All other speeds are impossible.*

If a very weak baby tugs at this wheel it will not move at all. The wheel knows, somehow, that the baby does not have in all his body enough energy to make the wheel revolve at the mini-

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mum possible speed of 2 revolutions a second. So the wheel simply does not start.

If a stronger person spins the wheel it will start off suddenly at the minimum speed of 2 revolutions a second. After a little the speed will jump suddenly to 4 revolutions a second. A little later it will jump to 6 revolutions a second, and so on. There are no transitional speeds, no slow accumulation of speed by imperceptible increments as is the habit of real wheels. Every change of speed in the quantum-theory wheel is a sudden change; an instantaneous jump from one fixed speed to another fixed speed. It is obvious that a real bicycle that worked on this principle would be very inconvenient to ride.

But in the case of atoms there is no inconvenience. There are certain common gases; for example, the oxygen gas of the air, that consists of two atoms attached to each other somewhat like two balls on the ends of a dumb-bell. Each of these atomic dumb-bells is supposed to be in rotation, much as though you had bored a hole through its shank, put a stick through this hole and then spun the dumb-bell, end over end, around this stick as an axis.

This rotation is controlled, we believe, by the quantum theory. Only certain speeds of rotation are possible. The actual speed changes from one of these speeds to another one by a sharp jerk, just as it does in our imaginary wheel. If we were small enough or if the atoms of oxygen were large enough we would *see* this jerky rotation in the air around us. As it is, our eye being of an altogether larger order of size, we cannot even see the atomic dumb-bell at all, let alone seeing that they rotate or that the speed of their rotation varies jerkily.

A simpler example than this atomic dumb-bell of oxygen is the single atom of hydrogen gas. This is, indeed, the simplest atom known and with this atom we can examine another kind of quantum-theory change in the condition of the atom, a change in the position of the particles inside the atom as well as a change in their speeds.

The hydrogen atom consists, all physicists now agree, of only two particles. At the center of the atom there is a tiny particle carrying a charge of positive electricity. Revolving around this, like a planet around the sun, is another particle (an electron) which carries a charge of negative electricity. Most of the mass

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of the atom is concentrated in the central positive particle, or nucleus.

The central nucleus and the electron that revolves about it carry opposite electric charges. Accordingly they attract each other just as an electrified rod will pick up bits of paper or attract a pith ball, as illustrated in the familiar high-school experiments with electricity. From the known laws of electric attractions, we deduce that the two parts of the hydrogen atom, — the central nucleus and the planetary electron, — will attract each other with a force inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. This law is similar, you remember, to the law of gravitation and we might expect that the revolution of the electron around the nucleus would be like the revolution of the earth around the sun.

But according to the quantum theory there is one very important difference between the motion of the earth and the motion of the electron. The earth can move in any orbit; the electron can move only in certain specified orbits.

This is precisely the same kind of difference that exists between the real bicycle wheel and the imaginary quantum-theory wheel. The real wheel can move at any speed; the quantum-theory wheel can move only at certain specified speeds.

Let us consider, first, the revolution of the earth. If some giant large and powerful enough to control the speed and position of the earth came along some day and gave it a push he could alter its orbit around the sun to whatever degree he desired. If he pushed hard enough against the earth it would fly off into space and escape altogether from the solar system. On the other hand, if he pushed very gently against it he would widen its orbit only by a few miles or even by a few feet. By using just the proper push he could make the earth's orbit either larger or smaller by just the amount that he desired.

The size of the earth's orbit, then, is like the speed of the real bicycle wheel. It can vary by *any* amount. There is no limitation restricting the size of the orbit to certain specified diameters.

But the hydrogen atom, though it resembles in so many ways the earth-sun pair of our solar system, does have this limitation. Imagine a dwarf so small that he can look down inside a hydrogen atom and tinker with it just as our imaginary giant was able to

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tinker with the earth. And suppose that this dwarf tries to alter the position of the one electron that is the revolving planet of the hydrogen atom.

If he pushes very gently against this electron it will not move at all. If he pushes more strongly the electron will move suddenly to another perfectly definite orbit. Then, on a still stronger push, it will move to still a third definite orbit, and so on. It is exactly the same behavior, you observe, as the behavior of the quantum-theory wheel with regard to speeds. The electron in the atom moves from orbit to orbit in sudden jumps, just as the wheel moved from speed to speed in sudden jerks.

Turn back, now, to the language of Professor Bohr's first postulate. He speaks of "stationary states." In terms of the hydrogen atom, these states are the different orbits, each one specified and distinct. Changes in the motion of the electron must be, says the postulate, "complete transitions from one stationary state to another." That is, the electron jumps from one orbit to another orbit; there are no intermediate positions.

Why the electron does this, why it remains in one invariant orbit until it leaps to another one, we do not know. That is the "mechanically unexplainable stability" that the postulate refers to.

In the real hydrogen atom the innermost orbit or "first stationary state" is about one hundred millionth of a centimeter in diameter and is circular. When the electron is in this orbit it moves with about one per cent of the velocity of light, which is a trifle over 186,000 miles a second. The actual speed of the electron equals, therefore, some 1,800 miles a second. In one second it makes about six and one-half million billion complete revolutions around the central nucleus of the atom.

Outside this innermost orbit are the other possible orbits or "stationary states." The more important of these are circular orbits the diameters of which are related to the diameter of the first orbit according to the squares of the ordinal numbers. The diameter of the second orbit, for example, is 4 times the diameter of the first orbit; the diameter of the third orbit is 9 times the diameter of the first; the diameter of the tenth orbit is 100 times the diameter of the first, and so on. In the outer orbits the electron moves with decreased speeds; in the second orbit its speed is

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one-half that in the first orbit; in the third orbit its speed is one-third of that in the first, and so on.

No other circular orbits are possible and any attempt to vary the motion of the electron (as, for example, when our imaginary dwarf pushes against it) results merely in a jump of the electron to another orbit, or, — in the words of the postulate, — in a "complete transition to another stationary state."

How the electron "jumps" from one state to another we do not know. The time of transition is so short that it is practically instantaneous. Indeed, it may be actually instantaneous. The electron merely disappears in one orbit and appears in another orbit as though it had "evaporated" from one state and simultaneously "condensed" into the other one.

The atoms of the chemical elements other than hydrogen differ from the hydrogen atom only in being more complex. Every atom has a single particle at its center, like an atomic sun. Around this revolve electrons like the electron of the hydrogen atom but more numerous. In the atom of helium gas, for example, there are two of these revolving electrons. In the carbon atom there are six of them; in oxygen there are eight, and so on up to the most complicated atom known, that of the element uranium. In this atom a total of ninety-two electrons revolve around the central nucleus.

In each of these atoms, even in the most complicated ones, every electron can occupy, we believe, a number of specified orbits analogous to the successive orbits of the hydrogen atom. In every case the number of possible orbits is limited and the electron can move from one to the other only in jumps. This idea of the jumps, — that is of a "complete transition from one stationary state to another," — is really the essential idea of the quantum theory as applied to atoms.

The theory has, however, another application, its relation to the production of light. It is here, indeed, that the theory has met with its greatest successes in explaining actual phenomena.

In their ordinary condition atoms do not radiate light. A glass bottle of hydrogen gas, for example, does not give off any light. In a dark room it remains dark and invisible. But if the hydrogen gas is heated very hot in a flame, or if it is exposed to an intense electric discharge it does give off light and it has long been known that the light thus given off is of certain special colors. It consists,

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that is, of individual "spectrum lines"; bright lines which are visible at definite positions along the rainbow-colored strip produced when the mixed light which we call "white" is spread out by a prism.

Other kinds of atoms do this same thing. The material used by fire-works makers to produce "red fire" contains the chemical element strontium. When the atoms of strontium get hot they give off red light; scientists say that the strontium atom has a "line" in the red part of the spectrum. The beautiful play of colors in a driftwood fire is due to the fact that atoms absorbed from the sea water are heated up by the fire and are radiating each one its special spectrum lines.

Now these spectrum lines are characteristic of the atom that radiates them. The hydrogen atom, for example, radiates four lines in the visible part of the spectrum; four varieties of light, that is, each having its own peculiar color. Hydrogen can be identified by these lines. Indeed, hydrogen actually has been identified in this way in the light from the stars, so that we know that hydrogen gas exists in the composition of glowing stars billions of miles away.

It is natural to expect that these lines would be related in some way to the inner structure of the hydrogen atom and this brings us to the second postulate of the quantum theory as stated by Professor Bohr. It is this:

"While in contradiction to the classical electromagnetic theory no radiation occurs in the stationary states themselves, a transition between two stationary states can be accompanied by the emission of electro-magnetic radiation which has the same character as that which on the basis of classical theory would be emitted by an electric particle which vibrated harmonically with a constant frequency. The *frequency* has, however, no simple connection with the motion of the particles of the atom, but *is given by the so-called frequency condition, namely that it is equal to the difference in energy between the initial and final states of the atom divided by Planck's constant.* Vice versa, an illumination of the atom with a wave train of this frequency can give rise to an absorption process by which the atom is carried back from the second state to the first."

To consider the detailed meaning of this second postulate

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would involve us in discussions more interesting to the professional physicist than to the general reader, but the chief meaning of the postulate is simple enough. It means, merely, that *an atom does not give out light except when one of its electrons moves from one orbit to another.*

Consider the hydrogen atom. When the one electron of this atom contents itself with revolving in any one orbit of the atom, no light is given off. The atom is dark. But suppose you have an atom in which the electron is in one of the outer orbits, say orbit number five. And suppose that this electron "falls" from number five orbit to the number four orbit. At that instant the atom will emit a pulse of light. If you have many billions of atoms together (as you do in a mass of hot hydrogen) and if many electrons are making this fall from the fifth to the fourth orbit at the same instant, you get a continuous emission of light.

You get, that is, one of the "lines" in the hydrogen spectrum. For each one of these lines in the spectrum of hydrogen (or of any other atom) is due to the fall of electrons from one particular orbit to another one. The five-to-four fall gives one line, the four-to-three fall gives another line, and so on.

When hydrogen is heated, what happens is that the atoms move about so rapidly that many of them collide with each other so violently that the electron is knocked off one of the atoms. It is as though our imaginary dwarf went around among the atoms kicking the electrons out of their inner orbits into outer ones or out of the atom altogether. In hot hydrogen this happens to many billions of electrons in each thousandth part of a second. These electrons then start moving back into the atoms. According to the quantum theory they must move back only by jumps from one possible orbit to another possible orbit. With each such jump they send out a pulse of light. That is how the spectrum lines of hot hydrogen are produced.

Still more precise experiments can be carried out if one uses as the "bouncer" that knocks the electron out of the atom not the collision of two atoms with each other but the collision of an atom with a rapidly-moving electron. Streams of such electrons can be produced by electric methods; they are produced, in fact, in the vacuum tubes used in radio. The energy of each tiny electron projectile can be calculated. It is possible, then, to

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calculate the amount of energy used in knocking an electron out of a given orbit in a given atom and to compare this energy with the energy and wave length of the light that is given off when the electron goes back through this same jump.

Many such experiments have been performed and they can be explained, quantitatively as well as qualitatively, by the theories embodied in the two postulates of Professor Bohr. The quantum theory has furnished detailed explanations of the spectra of nearly all the chemical elements as well as of the effects of electric and magnetic fields on these spectra.

It has led also (again in the hands of Professor Bohr) to a theory of the structure of all the known varieties of atoms; it has given a logical explanation of the famous periodic law describing the chemical properties of the elements, and it has led to the discovery of one chemical element, previously unknown, the element hafnium. It seems impossible to doubt that the ideas of the quantum theory represent some sort of reality in Nature.

As Professor Bohr has said: "It may be that in the future we shall talk in very different terms about the quantum theory, but it will be a great surprise to those who have worked with the theory and helped in its development if the structures which it postulates for atoms and molecules should be quite wrong and the explanations it offers should be only coincidences."

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ANNE SEDGWICK — AMERICAN NOVELIST

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I HEARTILY congratulate THE FORUM on printing in serial form the finest novel of one of the foremost living novelists. To-day Anne Sedgwick stands in the front rank of active writers of English, and *The Little French Girl* is the best book she has produced.

I call Anne Sedgwick an American novelist because she was born of American parents and first opened her eyes in Englewood, New Jersey. There are other reasons why she may be called an American, but the above statement seems sufficiently to establish the fact. At the age of nine, she went to Paris, studied painting, and had the pleasure of seeing some of her work exhibited; this education in both France and Art was supplemented by marriage and residence in England; by that admirable gift of selection so noticeable in her style, she seems in her life to have infallibly chosen the best elements in all three countries. It is well, however, to insist that she is an American, for we need her name.

Although she had written a number of interesting novels, it was not until the year 1911 that she attracted general attention. This was by the publication of *Tante*, which scored a sensational success, but which, like nearly all best sellers except Owen Wister's *Virginian*, passed in a few years out of sight and out of mind. Apart from the material rewards of that book, its most fortunate result was that it attracted many readers to the author, so that she has ever since had a constituency who read everything she writes: who know what they like and why they like it.

Her novel, *The Encounter*, published just as the Great War broke out, was a prophetic commentary on its causes and on the various peoples engaged in it. For Nietzsche is one of the leading characters; and he and his philosophy triumph until they meet something stronger in the person of a cripple who represents Christian ideas which have thus far not influenced the foreign policy of any nation in the world. In *The Encounter*, Ludwig (Nietzsche) insists that Strength is the highest good; the cripple, Conrad, replies that Goodness is the highest strength.

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Two years ago, Anne Sedgwick published a novel, *Adrienne Toner*, describing the career of a rich young American girl in England and on the Continent during the war. International relations have always interested our author, and nearly every one of her books may be taken partly as an attempt to draw nations together, to annihilate silly prejudices, and to help the people of any country to understand the best qualities in foreigners. While I admire her enlightened, intelligent, and truly ethical point of view, I can only lament the very slight influence she has as compared with the most overwhelming force in the world — the religion of Nationalism. It is the spirit of Nationalism which, despite its good aspects, is responsible for war, for destruction of the freedom of the individual, for the eclipse of human reason and intelligence, for the promulgation of ignorance, prejudice, and conceit in their most offensive forms. But it is still all-powerful; the Catholics of one country will murder their fellow-churchmen in another at the instant waving of a national flag; the intellectuals of one country will mass against the intellectuals of another; the manual laborers will destroy their fellow-workmen; the Socialists and members of any political party forget common ties when national sentiment is aroused. The religion of Nationalism at this moment is stronger than any spiritual religion, any church, any political party, any social classification, anything you like. Will it always be so? Will the churches, for instance, always submit to the crack of the jingo whip, and allow themselves to be used merely as tools?

I see only two gleams of hope. One is, the religion of Nationalism is *compulsory;* it is extremely dangerous to be heretical, whereas no one has to be a Catholic, or a Methodist, or a Socialist, unless he chooses. And history seems to show that compulsory mental attitudes finally cease to prevail. The other gleam of hope is seen in the works of writers like Anne Sedgwick, who in their endeavor to allay the stupidity of prejudice against "foreigners", are working toward the obliteration of the barrier that prevents congenial people from understanding each other. An American may not always prefer the society of a bad American to that of a good Englishman.

Anne Sedgwick, in *The Little French Girl*, has a subject which she treats both artistically and authoritatively. She knows what

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she is writing about, and one can trust her as one trusts an engineer when he is talking about bridges. This is her specialty, — the differences most noticeable in the character of the French as compared with that of the English. No decision is rendered; it is apparently a draw. The best solution of whatever difficulty there may be is in marriage.

The Little French Girl fulfills my conception of a novel because it is a good story well told. There is a real plot, with the old-fashioned and ever-interesting elements of suspense. There are three families, two in England, and one in France; every individual member is cleanly and sharply presented. The duality of love as it manifests itself between man and woman ranges from the austere and etherealized devotion of Toppie to the frank sensuality of André, which seems lacking in bestiality merely because André is house-broken.

The conversations, the descriptions, and the purely meditative passages all rise from honest thinking, — for Anne Sedgwick has never shirked that hardest of all work. The novel is so rich in thought that it is quite impossible to read it rapidly, and yet every page fills the reader with desire for the next. One cannot skip paragraphs, but one can, and does, read with steady enjoyment, and with frequent pauses to think of some particularly challenging idea.

I could wish that Alix, the little French girl, were not such a paragon. No novel with a flawless heroine has ever been flawless. Alix is charming, lovable, even irresistible; but at times her profound wisdom, her incapacity for error, and her absolute poise become slightly irritating. Yet she is not superhuman; she is in fact real, so that the reader sees the expression on her face when he reads her conversation. She is serious for her years, serious for any years, so that it is difficult to believe she really enjoys dancing as much as she says she does. Perhaps the most attractive trait in her is her loyalty to her race, to her mother, and finally to her husband. She is steadfast and reliable, and one knows that she will be always *there*.

Books live, if they live at all, because of their style. Anne Sedgwick knows how to write the English language in a manner to please the most fastidious judge. As no country in the world has a novelist living who is equal to the best of his countrymen who

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are dead, so it seems to me that our best writers in the twentieth century are those who, while contemporary in thought and feeling, approach most closely to the masters who established standards. However much certain critics may admire certain qualities in the novels of Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, and others who began after 1900, it seems clear that no one of this group has a command of the English language equal to that displayed by Hawthorne or Henry James. Edith Wharton and Anne Sedgwick, who "derive" mainly from Henry James, know the resources of the English tongue to a degree that makes Dreiser and Anderson, from this point of view, seem almost illiterate. Style is not only beautiful in itself, it is the great preservative. For while certain incarnations and expressions of beauty are transitory, Beauty itself is immortal.

There is no doubt that at this moment our American woman novelists are writing more elegantly than their male rivals. What group of men display an excellence equal to that found in the works of Edith Wharton, Anne Sedgwick, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Elinor Wylie, and Mary Wilkins? It would appear that these women have seriously studied the art of literature, have formed themselves upon the best models, have taken the same pains in the manipulation of words as a professional golfer takes with his mashie. They are not slipshod or clumsy; their results have been attained by long devotion. Among all our women writers, Edith Wharton and Anne Sedgwick are most alike in manner, though very different in *Weltanschauung*.

What is the reason why a story like *The Little French Girl* is so far above the average of American novels produced in 1924? I predict that upon its publication in book form, it will immediately take its place in a select group. That is why I congratulate the readers of this magazine in having had the opportunity to follow in its pages a literary masterpiece that, a few months from now, will be the subject of widespread and eager discussion. You have had what amounts to a "private view," you have been admitted to a "répétition générale," you are on intimate terms with the artist.

Apart from the beauty and dignity and distinction of its literary style, there are two reasons why this book rises automati-

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cally toward the top. One reason is the author's mind, the other is her heart. There are living American novelists whose works we read with pleasure; we know in advance they will not disappoint us; we are grateful for the happiness they give us. But the difference between their work and the work of Anne Sedgwick is this: they satisfy our curiosity, and she stimulates it; they lull our thoughts, she quickens them. Is it not true that one reason for Shaw's superiority in playwriting, Housman's in lyrical composition, James's in story-making, lies in the element of challenge? Most of us are so constituted that our chief mental danger is the sleeping-sickness; fortunately knowing what we need, we are more grateful to those writers who wake us, even inopportunely, than to those who simply make our ease easier. Anne Sedgwick's novels, and particularly *The Little French Girl*, challenge us on every page. Is it true? Is it true? and if so, what of it?

On this side of her art she is most similar to Edith Wharton, as she is in her command of language. From another point of view it will be seen that she is resembled by one who might be proud to be her disciple, even as she is the disciple of Henry James. I mean Dorothy Canfield. Both Anne Sedgwick and Dorothy Canfield are deeply and truly spiritual. The imponderable values are there; judgment of the worth of national and individual character, of success in life, of right as distinguished from wrong, of good from evil, is invariably based on a spiritual standard. In *The Little French Girl*, Alix, who apparently takes her religion so lightly, is in reality nearer the life of the spirit than Toppie, to whom religion is the be-all and the end-all. It is because we feel in the work of Anne Sedgwick the constant presence of spiritual forces, which to so many writers do not even exist, that her appeal, while human and contemporary, is to elements deeper and higher than mere sense-satisfaction. She touches notes that are not within the range of many of our popular writers.

It is then this triple combination that places Anne Sedgwick in the foremost rank of living novelists: her consummate art, her challenging mentality, and her spiritual force.

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NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

1—*Russia*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE modern theatre affords perhaps the most significant artistic commentary on the determining forces in contemporary civilization. The drama is groping its way, through numerous experiments, of which "Expressionism" seems to be the most fruitful, toward an interpretation of our social life. This article is the first of a series designed to present a survey of recent experiments in Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, and America. It shows how completely Russia has swung away from Stanislavsky.

NEW and divergent tendencies on the Russian stage have multiplied in Moscow during the long absence of the Art Theatre on its tour of America. While various schools are putting forth ideas differing widely from one another, it is conspicuously true that whatever is most distinctive in the modern Russian theatre is virtually in a state of revolt against the naturalist tradition so brilliantly upheld by Stanislavsky and his players. The pendulum of Russian theatrical taste has temporarily swung heavily away from the conception of the drama as a means of conveying a realistic impression of life. What is emphasized now is the technique of stagecraft, the achievement of maximum external effects by facial expression and bodily posturing, the trying out of new ideas in staging, scenery, and lighting. The content of a play is subordinated to its method of presentation. What one sees in Moscow to-day is an actor's, rather than a playwright's, theatre.

Not that the Russians have fallen into the American habit of presenting insipid plays for the sole purpose of displaying the talents of particular stars. The present-day Russian theatre will be remembered for its ensemble effects rather than for its individual actors. It is dominated not by any outstanding actor or actress but by the two leading directors who have committed themselves to the modern experimental tendencies. These directors are Alexander Tairov and Vsevold Meierhold. Tairov, the director of the Kamerny Theatre, is convinced that the requirements of the naturalist tradition in the drama act like a ball-and-chain in limiting the scope of the actor's development. He does not believe that the actor can become a creative artist unless

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he is released from the obligation of representing the processes of daily life on the stage.

"The Art Theatre believes that the actor must forget that he is on a stage," says Tairov. "We believe that he must keep this fact in mind all the time, if he is to rise to the height of his powers. The ideal of the naturalist stage is to represent life as it is. Against this we claim the right to act out our conception of life as it appears in our imaginations.

"One can have drama without costumes, without music, without words. Only one thing is indispensable, the actor; and it is just this indispensable element that is neglected and pushed into the background where the realistic tradition prevails. On one occasion one of the Moscow theatrical companies went so far as to take a beggar off the street and put him on the stage in order to enhance the realism of their performance. In my opinion this is naturalism run mad. It means the suppression of the actor's individual art and the degradation of the stage to a mere reflecting glass for everyday life.

"The Kamerny Theatre bases its work upon the conception that the drama is an independent art, with its own rules of aesthetics, which have nothing to do with actuality. We feel that the artist, like the painter, should have the right to alter or modify the facts of actual life as much as he pleases, so long as the desired effect is achieved. Our ideal is to produce actors who can play any rôle, tragic or comic, with equal competence and facility, and with this end in view we train our actors in a special school, where emphasis is laid on such subjects as facial expression, bodily posturing, and the most effective use of masks and costumes. We also give rigorous courses in physical training and acrobatic feats."

The results of this training are plainly visible in the acting of the Kamerny players. In the first place they resemble a group of expert gymnasts. Their bodies are slender, graceful, and wiry, and when the occasion demands they give really remarkable exhibitions of physical strength and dexterity. In the recent performance of G. K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday* there was an enormous amount of chasing up and down staircases and elevators, all carried through with the utmost agility.

Extraordinary versatility is a distinctive quality of the Ka-

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merny actors. It would be difficult to imagine two plays more different in subject and spirit than Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and the nonsensical musical comedy, *Giroflé Girofla*. Yet the same actor who utters the tragic declamations of John the Baptist one night puts on an outlandishly grotesque costume and goes through all the extravagant foolery of one of the pirate chieftains in *Giroflé Girofla* the next. The same actors effect an equally striking transformation of rôles when they pass from Racine's *Phèdre* to the rollicking lines of *Princess Brambilla*.

Tairov's stage is always arranged in such a manner as to give the actor maximum freedom of movement. In *The Man Who Was Thursday* the equipment is quite elaborate, including an elevator, several raised platforms, with various means of ascent, a moving electrical sign, and a structure that might be taken to represent either a bridge or a city street. All this scenic paraphernalia conveyed pretty effectively the idea of a large city at night and also made it possible to run off scenes of rapidly changing movement with a very fair degree of realism. The stage equipment is not always so elaborate, but care is taken to give the actor plenty of ground for manoeuvering. The handicap of the flat stage is overcome by the employment of raised or sloping surfaces.

There is not a stage manager in the world who could not learn something from the Kamerny Theatre. A former actor himself, Tairov knows all the tricks of the trade. His presentations are masterpieces of sheer dramatic technique. The permanent value of his conception of dramatic art is somewhat more debatable. In its desire to escape from the prosaic and the conventional, the theatre runs the risk of expending all its energy in a wearisome chase after bizarre external effects. Even now, despite technical excellence, its performances can only commend themselves as fully satisfactory to a highly sophisticated observer who is willing to dispense with depth of thought and sincerity of feeling for the sake of constant and clever experimentation with aesthetic novelties.

Meierhold, to a certain extent, goes along the same road as Tairov. He also lays great stress upon the physical training of his actors, and his plays are more distinguished for their method of presentation than for their intrinsic merit. He employs, in fact he originated, some of the stage apparatus which one sees regu-

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larly in the Kamerny productions. But in some respects Meierhold is a more austere and thoroughgoing dramatic revolutionary than Tairov. He resolutely rejects the accessory features of color, costume, and music upon which the Kamerny Theatre relies for many of its most effective scenes. More than any director in the world, perhaps, he throws his players upon their own resources.

An actor in Meierhold's Theatre has little to help him outside his own wits and muscles. All the ordinary illusion-creating devices are abandoned. The stage is directly connected with the main body of the house. There are no footlights and no curtain. The only background is a raised structure, which suggests the outlines of a partly finished building. The costumes are as undistinguished as possible, consisting of rough dark serge for the men and the plainest dresses for the women.

Under these conditions the attention of the audience is focussed entirely upon the actor. Meierhold's reputation is largely based upon two plays of very different character. One is called *The Magnanimous Horn-Carrier* and depicts the psychological agonies of a man whose obsession of jealousy leads him to a point where he insists that his perfectly loyal wife betray him with another man, so that his suspense may be ended. The acting in this play is so brilliantly expressive that a foreigner with only a limited knowledge of Russian can follow the developments without difficulty. Meierhold's actors make almost a second language out of gesticulation, writhing on the ground, posturing in striking bodily positions.

The World Upside Down, another of Meierhold's productions, might be described as a pageant of the Revolution. There is an enormous amount of mass action, of confused shouting and running about, all of which reflects rather vividly the spirit of the first few months of the Revolution, when all Russia was a seething, fermenting mass of discussion. Individual episodes are more or less broadly sketched. The Root Mission appears and gets a most inhospitable reception from the Russian workers. Some extremely broad jokes are cracked at the expense of the fallen Tsar and Kaiser. The seizing of power by the workers, the assassination of a revolutionary leader, the struggle of the new government with sabotage and treachery, — all these things are portrayed with convincing vigor and spirit. The play is frankly

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propagandist, but the propaganda has in it a certain element of healthy vitality. It is devoted to a cause that has not yet been covered with the dry rot of age.

"Our theatre differs from the Kamerny in two important details," says Meierhold. "We reject the conscious aestheticism of the Kamerny. We are iconoclasts in our attitude toward music, costumes, lighting effects. Then our theatre is deliberately propagandist in the cause of the Revolution. We believe that the drama should be intimately related to life, and that the artificial wall between spectator and actor should be broken down as far as possible. So we encourage the audience to take an active part in the performance by singing, and even by acting in mass scenes where this is practicable. We are seeking out a road to a collectivist dramatic art that will reflect the new Russian social conditions. Our actors are banded together in a coöperative and make an equal distribution of the proceeds of their performances."

Somewhat similar to Meierhold's Theatre, but even more consciously revolutionary in its spirit and methods, is the Proletcult, an organization which is attempting to develop a new culture of, by, and for the working class. The Proletcult has its headquarters in one of the most beautiful houses in Moscow, a mansion that formerly belonged to the wealthy merchant family of Morozov. Here a group of working-class actors present plays. One of the most popular performances of the last season was *Do You Hear, Moscow?* a melodramatic depiction of the coming German Revolution. Another Proletcult piece, less serious in character, is a series of nonsensical and satirical skits on topical subjects, in which such enemies of the proletariat as Lord Curzon, the Russian émigrés, and the Ku Klux Klan all come in for unflattering attention.

There is wide variety in the theatrical life of Moscow. Every little group with a new idea, dramatic or otherwise, which it wishes to spread, instinctively takes to the theatre as a mode of expression. Recently an organization officially known as "The Active Atheists of Moscow" opened a small theatre for the purpose of carrying on their propaganda against religion. As a starter the Active Atheists gave a play which dwells on the horrors of human sacrifice in pagan times. Later productions will deal with the Spanish Inquisition and the modern church.

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The Theatre of Improvisation is another Moscow "Little Theatre" venture. Its name is derived from the circumstance that the actors originally came out on the stage and asked the audience what sort of performance was desired. After the consensus of opinion had been taken there was a pause of fifteen to twenty minutes; then the actors reappeared, with lines and costumes adapted to the occasion.

Classical drama is by no means extinct in Russia. The comedies of Gogol and Ostrovsky are regularly given in the Maly Theatre, which is assailed by all the young radical critics as a stronghold of dramatic reaction. The four Studios of the Moscow Art Theatre, — bands of young actors trained in the methods and tradition of Stanislavsky, — still keep alive the memory of the parent organization. There has been a certain relaxation of the former austere standards of the Studios; along with works like *King Lear* and Aristophanes' *Lysistratae* they now give such colorful musical comedies as *The Daughter of Anjou* and *Princess Turandot*.

But the new Russian theatre finds its most characteristic expression in the work of Meierhold and Tairov. All the innovators are working along the lines of increased potency and expressiveness for the individual actor and enhanced flexibility and novelty in the stage paraphernalia. To the old time Russian intellectual, steeped in the traditions of the Art Theatre, these newer developments probably seem an intolerable combination of barbarism and dilettantism.

But this would be too harsh a judgment. The example of the French Revolution shows that a period of intense emotional strain and physical hardship, such as Russia has just passed through, is not conducive to the highest achievements of creative art. A certain degree of repose and security is essential to the development of finely wrought and carefully thought-out work, whether in music, in art, in the drama, or in literature. The Russian Revolution has awakened and pushed to the front new social elements, drawn from the masses of the people. The tremendous shake-up in Russian society could not but have its effect upon the character of the Russian stage. The theatre audience, like many other things in Russia, has been to some extent proletarianized, roughened, and coarsened in its standards of judgment.

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The former worker who is now a Red Army officer, a government official, or a university student altogether lacks the refined and perhaps somewhat decadent tastes of the professional intellectual of the old school. His inclination, in this formative period of his development, runs strongly to the exciting, the picturesque, the spectacular.

But, judging again from the example of France, there is no reasonable ground to believe that the democratization of Russian society will mean the permanent degradation of Russian art. Give the new Russia two or three decades in which to settle down, to resume the habits of study and reflection that have been interrupted for almost ten years as a result of the numbing physical suffering that goes with war, revolution, and famine, and there is reason to believe that the rich dramatic content of the Revolution will be immortalized in novels as fine as *Anna Karenina* and in plays as gripping as *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The second article in this series, by Barrett Clark, will deal with the contemporary stage in Germany.

FLOURISH

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

I have renounced humility
And boast instead, with cheerful mirth.
Seeing the meek inherit the earth
Has been enough of a lesson to me.
They may have my share for their poor souls' dearth;
I've learned what one proud soul is worth,
And I have renounced humility.

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COOLIDGE VERSUS DAVIS

FOUR important spokesmen of the major parties join to debate the issue which the voters of the nation must settle in November. Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire and Mr. William Morgan Butler, National Chairman, give their reasons for believing that Calvin Coolidge will be elected. Senator Thomas James Walsh of Montana and Lieutenant-Governor George Richard Lunn of New York tell why they believe the voters should favor John William Davis.

I — WHY COOLIDGE SHOULD BE ELECTED

GEORGE HIGGINS MOSES
Senator from New Hampshire

IF the title of this article were an interrogatory rather than a declaratory form of words, the obvious retort would be: Why not?

The Coolidge Administration is not on the defensive. It is for the opposition to formulate their claims to the office which they seek for Mr. Davis. The essential nature of the Democratic campaign is nebulously clamorous and was early developed. The keynote speeches in the Madison Bear Garden settled the main lines of defamation and declamation upon which the Democratic assault was to be made. Senator Pat Harrison's mixed metaphors and unmixed rancor coincided with Senator Thomas Walsh's legalistic phrases. "Honesty in administration" has been set up as the Democratic watchword. It is to laugh!

Calvin Coolidge is one of the most transparently honest men who ever sought or held office. And his honesty is not merely of the kind which observes the law. It is an honesty which is inherent; an honesty which is intellectual; an honesty which stands forth in word, in deed, and in thought. He never tries to deceive others; he never seeks to deceive himself.

The nomination of John W. Davis was one which the Democratic National Convention had no right to expect itself to be able to make. Mr. Davis is a man of intellect, of personal charm, of fine

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record in the public service. But he is in no one of these points superior to Calvin Coolidge; and it is in no derogation of him to add that he falls far short of Calvin Coolidge in the fundamentals of character necessary for outstanding public position,—especially such a position as the Presidency.

Character, as Plutarch has set forth in a standard which still holds good, is the outcome of long continued habit; and there is nothing in Mr. Davis' career, creditable though it is, to warrant taking the Presidency away from Coolidge in order to give it to him. Mr. Davis' long-continued habit was well analyzed by William Jennings Bryan in his speeches and writings just prior to Mr. Davis' nomination. Yet the nominee's first act was to select Bryan's brother as his running mate. Had Mr. Davis run true to his tradition, no Bryan, not even a diluted one, would ever have been taken into so close a political partnership as the Presidential ticket. This alone invalidates any claims to superior honesty which the Democratic protagonist may seek to set up.

When Mr. Davis picked Bryan for his yoke-fellow in the race, he well knew that the Third Party ticket, under La Follette, had taken to the field. Mr. Davis was nominated on the ninth of July, several days after the minor Cleveland convention had taken action. He knew the potential menace of the La Follette movement. He knew that the cleavage which the third ticket would produce would be as serious to the Democrats as to the Republicans; and in the meantime there has been abundant evidence of this. In order to minimize the effect of the La Follette candidacy upon the radicals of the Democratic party in the West, where Mr. Davis is held in scant regard, the candidate rushed to embrace Bryanism in the form of Brother Charlie.

Inevitably, Mr. Davis acted upon either impulse or reason. It makes no difference which of these excuses is offered. Either bears witness to his unfitness for the Presidency,—an office in which grave decisions must be made.

Mr. Davis knew when he selected his running mate that the chief consequence, if any, of the La Follette movement would be to divert electoral votes from the Republican column as it stood in 1920; that this might result in throwing the Presidential election into the House of Representatives, — which cannot elect; and that the Senate would have to choose a Vice-President who would

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automatically become President. Under such circumstances, and in view of what Mr. Davis or any other experienced political observer knew, Charles W. Bryan was marked as the next President, — and it is Mr. Davis who put this mark upon him. It was a long shot which Mr. Davis took for the betterment of his own political fortunes; and one which clearly stamps him as having stepped out of the character which he has maintained for so many years and which has heretofore constituted his chief asset.

The consequences of the choice of Bryan reinforced themselves upon Mr. Davis before many days had passed. The first reaction to the Davis nomination in the populous Eastern States, whose electoral vote is essential to political success, was distinctly favorable. Especially was this true among business men, the keen edge of whose enthusiasm for Coolidge was perceptibly blunted by the reflection that the country would be in safe hands with either Coolidge or Davis in the White House. Slight reflection, however, showed that the choice would not lie between Coolidge and Davis, but between Coolidge and Bryan. Under existing circumstances, Mr. Davis could not possibly be elected in the Electoral College; Mr. Coolidge could be elected; but if he failed, the Senate would indubitably choose Bryan.

These circumstances, be it remembered, were of Mr. Davis' own making; and he hastened to attempt to undo his work. He realized that the La Follette movement, — which carried the menace of Bryan, — was likely to receive its largest and most effective support from the ranks of organized labor. Therefore, — and again it makes no difference whether he acted upon impulse or upon reason, — Mr. Davis began a series of coquettish approaches to Samuel Gompers. Again Mr. Davis is to be seen stepping out of character. Bryan on the prairies, Gompers in the mill cities, — verily, Mr. Davis sought strangely diverse bed-fellows in his hunger for the Presidency!

Calvin Coolidge has a long record of public service; but his only connection with Bryanism has been to oppose it. His only communication with Samuel Gompers is the historic telegram which declares that "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Calvin Coolidge has never stepped out of his character in order to gain any office, — or to gain anything else. What he has been, he is; what he is, he has been.

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The outstanding characteristic of Calvin Coolidge is that one may know what he is thinking from what he says. His first message to Congress was a refreshing instance in proof of this. He said to Congress, "I do not favor" or "I look with approval." Everybody knew where the President stood.

As the campaign progresses, this quality in the President stands forth with added emphasis. His speeches have not been numerous; and the words he has used in them have been few. But they have made his position clear. He stands for "economy, and then more economy"; he intends further to relieve the taxpayer; he intends to see to it that all classes of the people shall stand equal before the law, — and have equal privilege under the law. He intends to maintain the authority of the Government and the independent action of the nation; he intends to strengthen the Government by wise appointments to office and to purge the Government, when necessary, by reasoned removals from office; he brings to the Presidency the firm traditions of character and service which are his by inheritance and environment; what he intends to do is evidenced by what he has already done.

In all the murk of scandal, suspicion, innuendo, and rancorous accusation which filled the air of Washington during the past winter, there was one figure at which no accusing finger was pointed, one character against which no breath of suspicion was directed. The figure of the President stood forth in clear-cut outline of simple, candid honesty. "Character," says Plutarch, "is the result of long continued habit." Calvin Coolidge's character thus formed and thus displayed, constitutes the real reason why he should be elected.

Why should Coolidge be re-elected? Why not?

II — THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

WILLIAM MORGAN BUTLER

Chairman Republican National Committee

THE government of the United States is the biggest enterprise on earth. The American people are the stockholders, the beneficiaries, the financiers of this business. In November the people of the United States will be called upon to decide whether

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the man who has conducted this greatest business on earth successfully, carefully, honestly, on a business basis, and with remarkable economy, shall be returned to that trust or turned out.

The choice this year is complicated by a third ticket in the field. A group of radicals, with no hope of success for their candidate, are fighting between the lines, like those at Waterloo who preyed on both armies. Their hope is to defeat the direct will of the American people in choosing a President and a Vice-President by throwing the election into the House of Representatives, where a choice could not be made, and ultimately into the Senate, where these radicals, although a small group, now hold the balance of power. The selection there would be between the candidates for Vice-President.

It is an acknowledged fact that President Coolidge's record, since succeeding to his high office more than a year ago, has been such that the most violent partisan must hesitate to attack it. His character and his whole career, public and private, no one, no matter how bitter an enemy, can criticize with fairness.

To-day, after more than a year of Calvin Coolidge, our national prosperity is general. The hamstringing of business by war taxes in time of peace has been relieved. The farmer has a bumper crop and is getting good prices for it. The wheels of industry are humming. Workmen are getting top prices for their efforts. Any discontent that exists is artificially propagated and fostered.

The books of any business are the true index to whether that enterprise is a healthy one.

When President Coolidge took office, business generally was languishing under a burden of taxation which it could scarcely carry. But a plan was worked out to reduce the federal taxes on incomes materially, and to reduce the high surtaxes, in order that surplus income could be put into business instead of being driven into tax-exempt securities.

To-day, our budget is balanced; our debt is being paid at the rate of half a billion dollars a year. Roughly half the war cost of $40,000,000 has been paid.

In the agricultural states, we have strong and well grounded hopes of success. There is a realization in those states that great personal benefits have been extended directly to all of the people of our country under the administration of Calvin Coolidge, which

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has lasted only a little more than a year. There is a strong indisposition to replace a man who is performing his great task with fidelity, wisdom, and courage. He knows from experience the problems and the troubles the farmer has on his hands.

The President's labor record well stands the closest scrutiny. Governor of Massachusetts Calvin Coolidge urged the passage and signed the measure limiting the hours of labor for women and children to forty-eight in each week, — and Massachusetts was the first great industrial state in the Union to set this example.

While he was Governor, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in convention adopted a resolution commending him for his efforts for legislation favored by labor not only as Governor, but while serving in both branches of the Massachusetts legislature. This resolution set forth in the preamble that Mr. Coolidge had "demonstrated on all occasions his fairness and given his support to all legislation favorable to the laboring people" of the state.

The President's broad view of the needs of the nation, however, precludes him from devotion to the interests of any one group or section to the exclusion of any other group or section. His view he stated well in the address made in New York on Lincoln's Birthday this year, when he said:

"How great our country really is, how diversified are its interests, is almost beyond the comprehension of any man. Yet great and diversified as it is, any pretense of sound morals or sound economics requires that each part, each section, and each interest should be looked upon by the government with like solicitude, all sharing the common burdens, all partaking of the common welfare. There is no sound policy which is narrow, or sectional, or limited. It is always necessary to determine what will be good for the whole country."

On the national ticket with Calvin Coolidge is a man whose reputation as a public servant is nationally known, and whose achievements in the field of economics are known. General Dawes, when only a little more than thirty years old, served as Comptroller of the Currency under President McKinley, bringing that office to a high state of efficiency, inaugurating annual reports to Congress from it, and securing for the first time complete and accurate statistics on national banks. It was in this office that he conceived his hatred of the ancient precedents and red tape with which many

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government bureaux had been slowed down for many decades, and which he did away with so effectually when he became the first head of the Bureau of the Budget.

When the war came, although he was past the half century mark, General Dawes trained for a short time in this country, then was sent to France in July 1917 as a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers. Not long after he landed, General Pershing drafted him for duty on his General Staff, shortly putting him in charge of all purchases for the American Expeditionary Forces. After the war he was made a member of the Liquidation Commission to dispose of the enormous stores of supplies accumulated in France by the Allies. In August 1919 this work was finished. General Dawes, — for he had been made a Brigadier General while in France, — then resigned from the army and returned to the United States and to his private business, long neglected because of the public emergency.

President Harding insisted that General Dawes organize and take charge of the Budget Bureau when it was formed, which General Dawes consented to do for one year only, and upon condition that he have a free hand and the unwavering support of the President.

General Dawes called the first real "business meeting" of government executives that had ever been called, telling some six hundred of them that government expenditures as well as red tape were going to be cut, and that they would have to make up their minds to it. The steady downward march of government expenditures started then.

When the long succession of European commissions and bodies of many sorts had failed to work out a solution of the reparations problem the international Commission of Experts was formed, and because of his record for clear insight and decisive action in affairs of national and international importance, President Coolidge insisted that General Dawes sit on this body. Without a dissenting vote, General Dawes was made chairman of the body. The report on means of balancing the German budget and stabilizing her currency was unanimously adopted by the Commission of Experts and to-day is known the world over as "the Dawes plan."

This service not only to the United States but to the world cannot well be magnified. President Coolidge, a man not given to superlatives, himself said of this report that "Nothing of more importance to Europe has occurred since the armistice."

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III — THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

THOMAS JAMES WALSH
Senator from Montana

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that a vast amount of material gets into party platforms, — and the same thing may be said of acceptance speeches, — with reference to which there is no "issue" between the parties, dealing with matters on which they are in substantial agreement. Each deems it wise to state its attitude lest, passing the question *sub silentio*, it be accused by the other side of being hostile. It would, for instance, be a sorry mistake for any party to omit to express its friendliness to the policy of reclamation, though there has never been any division on party lines with reference to that subject.

The same may be said concerning food control, river navigation, and a great variety of subjects. Furthermore, the party in power never fails to "point with pride", with greater or less — usually greater — fulness to its achievements, most of which are "notable" in the eyes of the partisan chronicler, but many of them commonplace in the estimation of the ordinary observer. In this situation the casual reader or student is quite apt to reach the conclusion, and in fact very often does reach the conclusion, that there is "no difference between the two parties." I venture to assert, however, that they are at variance on four questions of first importance involving the "issues" of the campaign now on and about which the main discussion will proceed, — namely, clean government, the revenue law, the Tariff Act, and the policy of isolation. Though one of another political faith might catalogue them differently, he would scarcely deny that it is about these issues that the battle will be waged.

In respect to the question first listed, it is quite probable that Republican orators and journalists will say as little as possible, and that little, chiefly by way of recrimination. On the others, it is equally likely that the differences will be boldly proclaimed. Much will be said and written, no doubt, about the arms conference as the crowning achievement of the administration; to

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which the Democrats will retort that the President was reluctantly driven into calling it, by Senator Borah, aided by them. It is apparent also that credit will be claimed for economy in the conduct of the public business, for permitting a reduction in the income tax, to be met by reference to the Forbes régime and to the gradual liquidation of the obligations growing out of the war. So the merits of the candidates, as disclosed by their record in public and private life, will have a large share of attention. Though ours is a government of law and not of men, — as has often been asserted, — the personal element is always a consideration of first importance. Recent events have contributed to heighten its significance, if that were possible.

As to clean government: The Democrats find no reason for failing to stress that feature by the suggestion from Mr. Butler, that to do so would be indulging in "personalities". It is a safe venture that their antagonists will not attempt exculpation of Forbes, Fall, Dougherty, or Denby, or make any plea in extenuation of their offenses or delinquencies. Such meagre reference to that feature of the contest as will be made, will doubtless have for its purpose to dissociate Mr. Coolidge from the acts open to criticism and to credit him with a fixed determination vigorously to prosecute the charges of criminality preferred against any of them. Just what can be said in that behalf, however, it is a little difficult to conceive. Obviously, no particular merit can be claimed for the Department of Justice for procuring an indictment against Forbes on the evidence uncovered by the Reed committee, or against Fall after the facts were so fully developed on the hearing before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, without the slightest initiative on the part of, and without either help or encouragement from the President or any of his subordinates.

It is an evident straining after public approval to refer to the work of the special counsel appointed pursuant to the resolution of the Senate, the fact being notorious that it was passed in order to insure that the conduct of the litigation should be beyond any influence emanating from the official circle. The aggressors will not overlook the fact, in connection with this feature of the discussion, that the President seemed to regard his whole duty done when he appointed the special counsel in accordance with the

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direction of the Senate. It may be found impossible to get a conviction, — either because of failure to prove the delivery of the money, the parties declining to testify on the ground that their testimony might tend to incriminate them; or the transfer of the money being proved, the jury may not be convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the transaction was a bribe rather than a loan.

Up to the present time no word of reprobation has come from the President touching the transaction, either on the theory of a bribe or the theory of a loan, though, perhaps, it is not less deserving of censure should it be found to be the latter, rather than the former. Should the Courts hold that legal authority to make the leases was not wanting, that Fall or Denby had the power to make them, the question of policy would still remain; the abuse of power induced by bribery or something akin to it must still be met. Moreover, the public will be reminded that the last Republican administration — the Taft régime — was characterized by three major scandals, — the Archbold affair, the Lorimer case, and the Ballinger exposé, — and the embarrassing question will be pressed as to what reason there is for expecting that Mr. Coolidge will be more circumspect in the selection of his subordinates, particularly in view of his complete lack of sensitiveness to official misconduct in the particulars adverted to.

As to the revenue bill: It was signed by the President under protest, he asserting that it is based upon a wrong, a vicious principle. He repeats in his acceptance speech the regret, earlier announced, that the Mellon plan did not find expression in the law. The very recent discussion of the difference in principle between that plan and the substitute Simmons schedules, makes it needless for the purpose of this discussion to enlarge upon the radical difference between them.

If Mr. Coolidge is elected with an acquiescent Congress, he will attempt to have the law revised to conform to his views. Furthermore, it is to be expected that revision to effect further reduction in taxation will take place, in any event, within the next four years. Here, then, is a straight-out issue: the Republicans asking support on the record of Mr. Coolidge, rather than upon that of their representatives in Congress, are perforce driven to support the principle of the Mellon plan.

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The Tariff: The debate will proceed on this feature along historic lines with the Republicans under the necessity of defending the tariff law of 1922, denounced by a leading journal of their faith as an *abomination*.

Foreign Policy: The Republicans reassert their opposition to the League of Nations and assert that adherence to it on the part of the United States is a "closed incident". The Democrats propose to have a direct referendum. Quite likely the former will endeavor to force the fighting on this question to divert the public mind from the two issues first canvassed above. The Democrats will assail the policy of aloofness from European controversies, and the Republicans will make the most of any success that may attend the Dawes plan for the solution of the reparations tangle. The result scarcely will be a popular verdict upon any issue involved, even though the contest were waged without the complexities that arise in consequence of the La Follette candidacy. But it will be an interesting and eventful struggle, with no man honest with himself just now able to predict the outcome.

IV — THE GUILT OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

GEORGE RICHARD LUNN
Lieutenant-Governor of New York

ONE of my chief amusements during the month of July was reading the various political prophecies, the truth of which could only be determined at the November election. President Coolidge was sure of re-election. John W. Davis was to be the next president. The Republicans were bound to remain intrenched in power regardless of corruption. The Democrats were sure to take the reins of government March 4, 1925, in spite of Republican argument. In one case or the other the prophecy of July must become the pathos of November.

Although a Democrat and intensely interested in the success of the Democratic party, I will try to view the present situation as the average independent voter must regard it. Partisan Republicans may help, but they cannot elect their president.

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Partisan Democrats may help, but they cannot elect their president. The parties present their candidates and their platforms, carrying on intense campaigns in presentation of their arguments, but the independent voters of the nation must decide whether Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Davis is to be President of the United States.

Until we revolutionize our theory of party politics in this country the voters will continue to hold as valid the doctrine of party responsibility. Good argument can be advanced, in the case of an election involving a very small unit, why a particular man, regardless of his party, should be elected, but when we are approaching a decision as to the control of the governmental machinery of this great country, then are we bound, not only to consider the character of the candidate, but we are solemnly obligated to measure the responsibility of the party presenting him to the nation.

At the present time the Republican party is on trial. Four years ago it was entrusted with the people's confidence by the greatest majority ever given a political party in the history of the country. How have Republicans met the great responsibility of government during these three and a half years? There is no basis for our judgment except the record. On that record they tremblingly stand, seeking to divert the gaze of the public from the numerous scandals that have shocked a complacent people. The Republican party asks a return of power on its claim of strength for the future without one word of apology for its betrayals in the past. President Coolidge in his acceptance speech asserts that party responsibility is a basic necessity under our form of government, but no word of censure of the Republican party passes his lips. He states that the people in their search for a sound method of self-government, "discovered that the only practical way to secure responsible political action was by the formation of parties, which they adopted because reason pronounced it the most promising, and continued because practice found it the most successful." Surely it is a strange kind of party responsibility that takes credit for every possible good accomplished but claims exemption from blame for the gross crimes that have been committed by members of the present administration. If neither President Coolidge nor the Republican

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party is to blame for the corruption which robbed the people of the naval reserves and the corruption which robbed the disabled veterans of the care due them, who then is responsible?

There is no question but that the people of these United States will unerringly draw their conclusions as to whom blame attaches in these sad, sickening events.

But, admitting that the Republican party is guilty in the premises, many apologists of that party claim that the party must not be punished for the reason that the President is personally honest and should not be censured. Personal honesty on the part of Calvin Coolidge, however, cannot be submitted as argument in defense of the unparalleled irregularities and corruptions which have characterized the present Republican administration. He has been silent when militant words of condemnation from him would have brought courage to the heart of every citizen who believes in honesty and righteousness in government.

Recall the melancholy record as stated by John W. Davis in his acceptance speech, — "A Senator of the United States convicted of corrupt practice in the purchase of his senatorial seat; a Secretary of the Interior in return for bribes, giving away the naval oil reserves so necessary to the security of the country; a Secretary of the Navy ignorant of the spoliation in progress, if not indifferent to it; an Attorney General admitting bribe-takers to the Department of Justice, making them his boon companions and utilizing the agencies of the law for the purposes of private and political vengeance; a chief of the Veterans' Bureau stealing and helping others to steal millions in money and supplies provided for the relief of those defenders of the nation most entitled to the nation's gratitude and care."

What a dismal and disheartening record of facts! More disheartening still is the fact that the revelation and investigation was brought about by no word from President Coolidge; by no activity on his part. Not only was he silent, but the processes of government which he *could* control were used to obscure and suppress facts; to frighten witnesses, even going so far as to trump up an indictment against Senator Wheeler, endeavoring to deter him and the other investigators from their determined pursuit of the wrong-doers.

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Why was Calvin Coolidge silent under these terrific indictments of the Republican administration? Was it in the interest of the nation's welfare, or was it in order to shield the Republican party? If it was to the enduring good of the country that these ugly facts be suppressed and the guilty escape then his silence is to be commended; but if it was for the purpose, as the evidence seems to show, of protecting the Republican party, then it is to be condemned. Can there be any doubt as to what President Roosevelt would have done under similar circumstances? He strenuously refused to remain silent on the misdeeds of the Taft administration. He did not mince words in his condemnation of the wrong-doers, notwithstanding the fact that Taft had been his life-long friend and through his influence had been placed in power.

In his speech at Chicago in 1910 Roosevelt said:

> "Now, I am a good party man, but I am an American first. When we come to questions affecting the vital principles of American life I know no party. When such a question as corruption is involved we cannot afford to divide on party lines. I take just this much account of party in such a case. While I will do my best to get hold of the thief of the opposite party, I will try, if possible, a little harder to get hold of the thief of my own party. When I was President I endeavored to act so that there should be no need of raising the cry among my opponents of 'turn the rascals out,' because I turned them out myself as fast as I could get at them."

The lips of leadership should never be sealed when scoundrels are striking at the heart of the nation. When the very integrity of the government was at stake, Calvin Coolidge stood by, weak, hesitant, and silent.

If the Republican apologists are right in their contention that we must not blame either Calvin Coolidge or the Republican party, but must confine our condemnation to the wrong-doers involved, then we must entirely surrender the doctrine of party responsibility.

Even Senator Pepper was clinging tenaciously to the doctrine of party responsibility when in his ill-fated Maine speech he pleaded that the Republican party should be returned to power because the cabinet was only thirty per cent corrupt. Not yet,— and may the time never come,— will the American people allow a party responsible for such a record to escape its just condemnation.

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Not yet, — and may the time never come, — will the American people enter into a period of moral chaos as the result of losing all power of righteous indignation.

But the charge of betrayal and moral deterioration recited above is still further aggravated by the political betrayal of the people in the passage of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law, acknowledged to be the most iniquitous protective measure ever foisted upon the people. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff split the Republican party, but the iniquity of that bill never reached the depths of the Fordney-McCumber robbery.

Space forbids any detailed examination, but the sugar schedule illustrates the base iniquity of the measure. The sugar duties exceed those of the ill-famed Payne-Aldrich Law, but the present tariff law provides an elastic method whereby the President is empowered to lower or advance the amount of duty as in his wisdom seems just. President Coolidge in his acceptance speech asserts that he will administer the provisions of the law "not politically, but judicially." We wonder what he means. The Tariff Commission, after an investigation extending over eighteen months, has made a report to President Coolidge in which the majority of the commission contends that the duties on sugar are substantially higher than necessary for equalizing the costs of production as between the United States and Cuba. Any day the President can act in accordance with this report, giving an executive order which will save millions of dollars to the people of the United States. Strong pressure was brought upon the President to act earlier on this important matter so that during the canning season the necessary and increased purchases of sugar might be made at the reduced cost to the people. He has not, up to the date of this writing — August 18 — rendered his decision.

Every day that President Coolidge delays this decision will cost the people of this nation thousands of dollars. The delay already has cost the housewives of America several millions of dollars. He promises to deal with other specific schedules when he can do it "without throwing all our economic system into confusion." The plain man or woman naturally wonders why lowering a specific schedule to meet the requirements of a scientific readjustment, so that the duty will only measure the differ-

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ence in cost of production here and abroad, can possibly throw the economic system into confusion. Indeed the only confusion discernible seems to be in Mr. Coolidge's mind, — and that seems to be chronic.

Mr. Davis states the simple truth when he insists that in the passage of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act, imposing the highest rates and duties in the tariff history of the United States, there was an unblushing return to the evil days of rewarding party support and political contributions with legislative favors. So bold were the advocates of this measure that one of them openly asserted, "if we take care of the producers the consumers can take care of themselves."

Calvin Coolidge rejoices that this bill has been so successful, but he does not tell us that for every dollar which it has brought to the government it has diverted five from the pocket of the consumer into the pocket of the favored few. When the power of legislation is used to enrich one man or set of men at the expense of others less favored, by whatever euphemism it may be called, it is, nevertheless, in the plain language of the people "downright robbery."

These then, are a few of the more important points which will be considered by the voters:

First — The deplorable record of the Republican party; a recital of continued and shameful betrayal.

Second — The attempt of the Republican party, which seeks by every subterfuge known to political cunning to divert the public mind so that the people will not hold it responsible for these betrayals brought about under its administration.

Third — The tariff law, worse by far in its surrender to special interests than the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich bill which split the Republican party in two.

In contrast to this unhappy record the Democratic party offers the accomplishments of its eight years of federal control, during which numerous measures fundamental to the highest welfare of the whole people were enacted into law. During this period the nation passed through the greatest war known to the history of man. America was recognized as a moral giant among the nations of the world. Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson this country achieved greater influence for good throughout the world than it had ever known before, — or has ever

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known since. Problems in connection with the Great War that almost staggered the imagination were met and successfully solved. Fifty-two separate investigations, carried on by the Republican party after its election to office in a determined search for corruption, failed to involve a single Democratic official.

These facts irritate and aggravate partisan Republicans, but they are being weighed carefully and fairly by thousands upon thousands of independent Republicans who will refuse to follow longer those organization leaders who have reduced the Republican party to moral bankruptcy.

The masterly address of Mr. Davis in accepting his nomination revealed him to the people of this country as a genuine progressive and a worthy leader of a united Democratic party. The speech was inspiring in its grasp of great problems, persuasive in conclusions reached, and convincing in solutions offered. To his task as President of the United States he will bring such unusual ability, that it is acknowledged even by his political opponents.

In his endeavor to pass legislation necessary to the progressive advance of this great nation he will have the loyal support of his party. This cannot be said of Mr. Coolidge. Some of his most effective opponents are at present, and will continue to be, Republican members of the United States Senate. Calvin Coolidge's utter lack of initiative and his total inability to lead was pathetically demonstrated during the last session of Congress.

John W. Davis by reason of his character, his intellect, and his past achievements is better qualified to be President than Calvin Coolidge; upon the record of recent years the Democratic party emerges more entitled than the Republican party to the confidence of the people. The one sure way to restore responsible government and to destroy the threat of a government by blocs is to elect John W. Davis, President.

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MR. GONEGAGA READS THE PAPERS

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

MR. GONEGAGA had hardly been announced when he himself appeared, somewhat breathless.

"You said that I might call on you 'if I got into trouble' as you phrased it," he began in his usual gentle way.

I expressed myself as pleased that he had availed himself of the invitation, hoping that his "trouble" was not one, — and here I playfully picked up the pincers, — that was serious enough to require a major operation. One advantage of being a dentist with an interest in politics is that one always has handy the means to end the most loquacious disputant. Some day I shall complete my long contemplated work on "The Cavities of Statesmen I Have Met," not to speak of those who were all cavity. Dentistry really has a remarkable similarity to politics, — but that's another story.

"Ah, but it is most serious," Gonegaga exclaimed. "I have been reading the New York newspapers and I am much confused."

"Mr. Gonegaga, you are to be congratulated if, after reading the New York newspapers, all that has happened to you is that you are confused."

"But that is not all. I understand them and yet I am confused. There is Mr. Hearst's Morning 'American.' I understand that thoroughly: The international bankers have taken away all the money from the people and yet, — and this is what puzzles me, — the people seem happy. How is that?"

"Very simple. The international bankers have not taken absolutely all the money, — they have left the plain people a small amount, but enough to enable them to buy Mr. Hearst's three New York papers, his two Chicago papers, his two Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Rochester papers, his sixteen magazines, and still money enough to go and see his eight expensive historical movies. Why should they not be happy?"

"Of course, of course, now I understand. Great indeed are the forces of democracy. But which is Mr. Brisbane?"

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"Which? I do not understand."

"He writes as the plain people and yet he subscribes for $200,000 of Mr. Hearst's bonds and next to Mr. Astor he is the largest holder of real estate in New York."

I admitted that this presented a subtlety that one could hardly expect an Oriental mind to fathom. "This is but one method that Progressive editors resort to in order that the international bankers will not get it all. The friends of the plain people are only effective when they too are capitalists."

"Ah, yes! then the New York 'Times' which defends the capitalist class is really Mr. Brisbane's favorite paper?"

"Not his favorite paper, but one undoubtedly that he reads religiously. In fact everyone reads the 'Times.'"

"Even the Progressives?"

"Oh, yes, the Progressives more than any others."

I felt more or less of that satisfaction, which comes to a man who has made an original discovery, in the explanation that I was about to make. "In fact," I went on, "there wouldn't be any Progressives if it were not for the 'Times.' They have to read the editorial page to find out all the reactionary things to which they are opposed; and when they go out and make speeches and statements against the reactionary things that they find in the editorial pages, the 'Times,' in its news columns, is the only paper that will print what they have to say."

"A perfect cycle, — in fact a perfect monism, and yet from my philosophic studies I understood that America was absolutely anti-monistic in its thinking."

"Not at all, and like most conceptions of America, — and in America, — of a general character, entirely wrong. America is monistic, and unfortunately the individualistic conception is Moneyistic."

I reached for my pincers, this time defensively, — it is only once a year that I make a pun.

Gonegaga showed his white teeth in a smile that was sympathetic and not at all derisive. "Ah, I understand," he said softly, "money is the cancer of America, and the 'Times' represents money."

"Oh, no, no! Not real money, — the 'Times' fundamentally represents the out-of-town buyer."

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"But your out-of-town buyer is the middle class, — does not the 'World' represent that class?" Gonegaga came at me aggressively with that little suggestion of distrust which made me feel now and then that this was not his first visit to America.

"Absolutely. The New York 'World' represents the middle class, but it is a little ashamed of it. The 'Times' represents the middle class, but it doesn't know it. The 'Times' succeeds because it is a great newspaper; the 'World' succeeds because it is a great magazine."

"But doesn't the 'World' print any news?"

"Oh, yes. When the editors of the 'World' dine out, any confidential communication at the dinner is printed the next day in the front page of the 'World' as news."

"But should that not make the editors of the New York 'World' very unpopular? How do you explain the political influence of the 'World'?"

"Very easy. The 'World' is always a little for the other side. That keeps its own party leaders nervous."

"I hear a great deal about Mr. Munsey," Gonegaga said after a pause, "but I do not see him."

"Very few see him," I replied. "Colonel Roosevelt saw him and he called him."

"Ah, yes — I remember Mr. Munsey was a great Progressive; one, as it were, of the exclusive Progressives."

"He is still an exclusive Progressive, — he excludes all Progressive views."

"But is he not also one of the great Republican leaders?"

"In a way, though he comes nearer to being the great Monarchist leader."

"Monarchist party!" Gonegaga's eyes opened wide. "This is new. I did not know there was a political party of Monarchists."

"It isn't so much a political party as it is a dinner party."

Mr. Gonegaga smiled feebly.

"If the Monarchists should ever succeed," his tones were hushed, "whom do you think Mr. Munsey has in mind?"

"I have never grasped what was in Mr. Munsey's mind but, offhand, I should say Frank the First."

The Governor's secretary, Mr. Graves, was then announced and I ushered Mr. Gonegaga to the air.

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BABEL

VICTOR STARBUCK

I

They thought to heap their rampart to the skies,
Take Heaven by storm, and mount God's cloudy throne;
Uprearing slowly to gigantic size,
Above earth's slime and scattered heaps of bone,
A turret that might overtop the cloud
And pierce the firmament of windy blue,
Whence issuing, men with spears and trumpets loud
Could burst the doors of Heaven and clamber through.

And as they built men stumbled in the dark
And cursed their Maker out of blind despond;
While overhead the sky's expanding arc
Domed ever upward, upward, and beyond.
And the far God to whom they sought to climb
Walked the dim earth, amid the shards and slime.

II

And still men strive to rear their crumbling towers
Beyond earth's shadows to the gates of God.
Around their dizzy heads the clamorous hours
Shriek as they fly; while he that bears the hod
Climbs ever up to him that lays the stone
In mortar blent with blood and slaked with tears,
Their bleeding sinews straining from the bone,
The wind of ages roaring in their ears.

But ever as they climb the sky recedes,
And always as they build the sun swims higher;
The workman labors and the watchman bleeds,
Yet never reach the Heaven of their desire.
And still God walks earth's road by men forgot
And seeks His own, — and still they see Him not.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE HUMAN VOICE DIVINE

THERE is no question that my animus against the movies springs partly from prejudice. Their nervous speed does not appeal to the pedestrian type of mind. They don't even warn you off from the pictures a self-respecting pedestrian ought not to look at; so that, during my annual attendance (just to avoid the appearance of prejudice), I never manage to avert my gaze in time to escape seeing the close-ups, rolling their eyes. They ought to blow a horn, to warn pedestrians.

But these are minor offenses. I might become subdued to these, if only someone would speak. In a movie-palace I feel like the little slum girl sent for the summer to a New England farm. Half-way through the first meal she broke the steadfast silence with a passionate cry: "For God's sake, somebody *speak!*"

Speech is more fundamental, I suspect, than our movie-men realize. Long, long ago a cave man desired a wife or food or the extinction of an enemy, — desired it so fervently that he burst into rude, passionate grunts, into a kind of language. Then, no doubt, he suited the action to the word. Perhaps he acted first and suited the word to the action. I am skeptical about that, though, even to the extent of taking issue with Hamlet's advice to the players. What the cave man said *after* the action expressed another emotion, very different from the first sensation of desire. But the real point is, not whether speech precedes action, or whether perhaps they are simultaneous, but that neither can get on without the other. Put your hands in your pockets, relax all your muscles, and try to say as you imagine it should be said some strong speech, such as Hamlet's

"Oh, all you host of heaven!"

or Falstaff's

"No more o' that, Hal, an' thou lovest me."

Or try to act it without speech. Do it before a mirror and get a close-up of yourself (rolling your eyes).

Well, to get on with our story, — many years after the cave

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man's passionate grunts, a sophisticated person, under the urge of artistic creation, wished to represent dramatic episodes in some way that would give the illusion of reality. After a while he discovered that his pantomime, never quite genuine, always wooden, mechanical, even though the actors were *human* machines, took on greater reality when the actors spoke. Drama, as we understood it up to the close of the nineteenth century, was born. The prime necessity was perfect speech, provocative of action; speech which should embody the very soul of the emotion felt, which should impel a perfectly corresponding action, together transmitting, as mere speaking or mere acting, separately, could never do, the illusion of reality. Good acting was a necessity too, but the tone of voice was what really mattered, what impelled the acting.

Then comes scientific man with his new toy, the pantomime machine. That the majority of people are satisfied with the dumb-show acting of the machine is perhaps not remarkable. Already accustomed to prefer photographs to drawing and painting, undeniably susceptible to thrills and howlers, why shouldn't they prefer the feats of "Doug" and the antics of "Charlie" to the legitimate drama? We are most of us groundlings at heart, and Shakespeare would have had a hard run of it, even with an audience habituated to poetry, if he had had to compete with the marvels of the movie-stage. It makes me rather tired to hear the objection that the movies are cheap art. We get what we want; and if it comes to that, they compare well enough with the swaggering pre-Shakespearean tragedy, "in King Cambyses' vein," or with the cheap humor of Gammer Gurton, her needle lost forsooth till Hodge finds it in his trousers by sitting on it (close-up of Hodge sitting down, — *and* rolling his eyes). In this respect, at least, they can improve just as easily as spoken drama can improve, — when we want it.

Then there are the high-brow gentlemen who, like myself, insist that the soul of good drama lies in speech. Doug and Mary may burst into the "sheer splendor of speech" as they jump from a Hollywood precipice, but all we get is the silent action and the gasp or guffaw, "stepped down," of the fat lady and the thin man behind us. Still, this objection may be in part overcome. In this age it is not difficult to imagine machines that will

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reproduce the whole thing, spoken as well as acted, with a precision that will leave little to be desired. Mr. DeForest has one now, he says; invented, so to speak, while we talk.

I don't even worry over the waste of time and money on the movies, dreadful as they are; for they are not so bad as soda-water or so dangerous as joy-rides. What is more, the people's money, idle in their small pockets, creates a large taxable income in the treasure-chests of movie-magnates. If I were a politician, I should stake my last throw on the slogan, "Movies for revenue only."

No, the chief trouble is that even the perfect motiphotophonograph *will* leave a little to be desired; and it is just that little which counts, — "the little more, and how much it is!" The fact is, movies are not drama. They come very near to being drama, about as near as the man who missed the ferry by a few feet and hoped to make it in two jumps. Suppose a perfect machine that synchronizes speech and action in perfect reproduction, suppose another Booth in Hamlet or another Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth, — they simply can't be transmitted by a machine, however sublimated.

For what makes drama real, what makes the illusion complete, is the slight variation that comes with each performance. In general, the interpretation is the same, the tones of voice and the gestures are approximately the same one night as another; but there is never a complete, machinely-perfect identity in tone and gesture. For one thing, twenty-four hours have elapsed; the actor is not literally quite the same person. For another, the speech (and with it the action) must be affected by the personality of the actor at the moment of utterance and by other circumstances (among them the mindedness of the audience) at any particular performance, never exactly identical with those of any other performance. "What!" you cry; "call a thing that has its ups and downs, that is only once at its best (perhaps the night you are not there) superior to one that is crystallized forever on an invariable film?" Yes, that is what I have been trying to say. Great variation, mere irregularity, is dreadful; absolute invariability is possibly worse. For the element of variety, in itself a form of human reality, is part of the illusion, helps to make the art, the likeness to truth. Uniformity is an invention, not a creation.

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The movie-star must remain a mimic, unresponsive to his audience. The actor, casting the spell of his human voice divine over his audience, may catch their rapture in return, give it back and receive it again, till he is lifted wholly into his part, till for one perfect moment he is exalted so that the likeness to truth of his performance, as by a miracle, becomes truth itself. And truth cannot be photographed, — except on the sensitive film of the human spirit.

I make no special plea for singing, in which the human voice comes nearest to its divinity. I don't mean, of course, that I agree with my friend Exacticus, who holds that only the gifted should sing and that everybody else should be fined for singing. Quite the contrary, I think that everybody should sing, and I feel that those who can't (like myself) and those who won't (like Exacticus) should be treated with profound suspicion. In fact, I'm not sure that we shouldn't fine all who don't sing. Walt heard America singing, he said. I confess that I don't, though I hear plenty of noise. Sometimes I feel like the man in *The King of Boyville* who said to Piggy Pennington, howling out a "doleful ballad," — "Well, son, wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" But I wish America *would* sing. The will to sing is a great quality in a nation. Singing liberates poor inhibited souls; it ought to be encouraged if it is still alive.

Nevertheless, the art of singing well needs no apology. It is so rare and so marvellous that it will always compel admiration. The spoken word, rather, is what suffers the taint of mediocrity; or even, in the "silent drama," the ignominy of sheer obliteration. What wonder that we degenerate into monosyllabic grunts! Our priceless inheritance, the thing which might save us most surely from bestial oblivion, we have sold for a mess of machinery.

But there is no good in railing at the movies. Teach the children to speak and appreciate the values of speech; let them grow into human beings who realize that mind communicates to mind not merely through words but through tone of voice, through words given life and significance; treat dramatics and voice training not as an "extra" but as an important part of the school work, — the next generation will do the rest. "Better Speech Week" may have its virtues. What we need, though, is a Better Speech Decade.

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — IX

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

PART FOUR

CHAPTER VI

GILES, as he leaned out of the train, almost expected to see the white form of Madame Vervier awaiting him on the platform as she had awaited him and Alix last year. But she was not there. On the sunny platform it was Alix and André de Valenbois who stood side by side, and Giles knew that the weight on his heart was the weight of sheer terror as he saw them there together. Something in their stillness, their silence, made part of it. Tall and white they stood, and in their demeanor he read, with the sharp intuition of a first impression, the curious quality of a constraint that expressed at once familiarity and withdrawal.

André, at all events, could assume his old air of unclouded radiancy. Delicate, sweet, sharp, able to do what he liked, with himself and others, he was ready for any encounter, and Giles even imagined, as he stepped down before them, that André looked upon his English friend as offering little complexity or difficulty. With people so simple, so guileless, so ridiculous, — for would not André see him as rather ridiculous? — nothing more was really needed than a light hand on the rein and the easiest of eyes on the landscape. "Not so simple as you think, perhaps, my friend," Giles was saying to himself. But to know that he might see things that André would not suspect him of seeing did not exorcise the sickness in his blood. At the same time, underneath everything, he was astonished, in a side glance as it were, to see that he was not hating him; was still feeling him charming.

"Here we all are, then, again. What a triumph over destiny," was what André was saying, — and it was on him that Giles kept his eyes. He felt that he must pull himself well together before looking at Alix. "I never expect happy things to repeat themselves."

"No more they do," thought Giles. But he could play up. "Is it all the same as last year?"

"Exactly the same; but for the absence of Jules. Even your old friend Madame Dumont survives and is eagerly awaiting your arrival."

"Unhappy things," Giles smiled, "at all events repeat themselves."

They were walking, Alix between them, to the car outside, and he could glance at her. Rather than the constraint he had guessed at, it was now the cold dignity of complete self-mastery her profile showed him. He knew that she had smiled at him, — and had it not been with her old sweetness? — when he had greeted her; but he felt, as they went thus together, he, she, and André, that chasms lay between him and Alix. Seas lay between them: race and tongue. Her voice came back to him as she had said, last year when he had found her again, "But I am French." Her calm could not hide from him how much more it was that lay between them now. And what did it hide from André? How was it possible, if deep instinct or the new knowledge of her mother's life had not armed her against him, that she should not love him? Jerry was a boy beside him; beside the power of André's beautifully possessed, beautifully balanced experience, Jerry would always seem a boy. He remembered, snatching still at hope, that Alix had found such completeness *agaçant;* but then she might not really like him even now. It might be some helpless hereditary strain that had brought her under the spell of the love that Monsieur de Maubert had defined on the distant summer day: the love that burns itself out and that may have nothing to do with liking.

She had said no word as yet, but as they emerged into the sunny *Place* she remarked that she had to buy a *baba-au-rhum* for tea and asked André to drive them across to the *patissier's*.

"Alix is sad," André observed when she had disappeared into the shop where cakes were enticingly displayed on crystal

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stands in the window. "Her cat was run over yesterday by a motor. The very ugly cat, — you know him well, of course. *Elle a un gros chagrin.*"

"Poor Blaise dead, — oh, I'm sorry," said Giles. But he drew a dim comfort from the news. There might be other and more childish reasons for Alix's aloofness.

Now that Alix was grown up, he noted that André made no comments on her appearance. It was courageous of Madame Vervier to have them there together; though, in spite of the fear he had seen so plainly in her, it might well be that the special fear had never occurred to her. Sitting there in the French sunlight, Giles felt again his old sense of astonishment that such computations should, so inevitably, on this soil, occur to him, that he should feel himself, with whatever moral bitterness, accepting situations that could hardly, in England, present themselves to his imagination. He felt himself immersed in Madame Vervier's milieu; he felt himself implicated, for was one not implicated when one still felt all its members charming? But one could not pretend to understand the French unless one recognized in such situations the workings of a drama to them commonplace. That special terrible *roman à trois* of mother, lover, and daughter, might not arise among the *bien pensants* of the nation; but the *bien pensants* themselves would accept it as commonplace.

And with this moral difference there went the difference in everything: the sunlight and the shadows, the streets, the houses, and the people. The very smell, warm, golden, balmy, wafted towards him from the *patissier's* was such as no pastry-cook's shop in England would ever yield; a dank surmise of suet and strong tea would there hang about it and none of the cakes would give one the same confidence of tasting as good as they looked. Why was it, Giles wondered, as Alix came out with her flat-bottomed, cone-shaped, snowy little parcel, saying as she stepped in beside him, "It is in honor of your arrival, Giles, the *baba*. Maman remembered that you liked them last summer," — for no girl in England would look like Alix.

It was not only that she spoke and moved as they did not, and that her clothes were differently adjusted. Her face itself was at once more primitive and more civilized than English faces. Druidess or Roman virgin, who could tell which underlay the something resistant, enduring, in the structure of her head, sweet in glance as an Alpine flower, remote and inaccessible as the mountain. Glancing at her Giles could gauge something of the change in his own feeling towards her by the fact that he was afraid of Alix. Not only that; France had already done more to him, for it was as if he were afraid of himself, too. As they sped out into the radiant landscape and he felt the breeze blow strong and sweet from the sea, he was aware of currents of strange feeling in the tide which bore him: bitter, dark, delicious, and tumultuous.

"And have you taken your degree, Giles?" Alix inquired. "Are you now a distinguished philosopher?"

"Well, I've taken my First all right. Next term will see me settled in Oxford. But it will need a great many years, I am afraid, to make me distinguished."

"And there, in beautiful new rooms, you'll teach philosophy for the rest of your life?"

"And write it too, you know; and play cricket, and sing in the Bach choir. Sometimes I'll go up to London and see pictures and a play; in the summers I'll walk round the Cornish coast or climb Welsh mountains. It's just the life that suits me."

André, white against the blue, drove in front of them and turning his head, smiling, he now observed, "Alix has been reading philosophy of late. She has been reading Bergson."

It was, as it had been last year at Les Chardonnerets, a blue and golden day. The gulls were floating past on a level with the cliff-top and on the verandah were Monsieur de Maubert and Madame Vervier.

They had passed through the wind-bent thickets and seen the sunny flags with their oleanders, and smelt again the fairy-tale smell Giles so passionately remembered. But, — he knew it as he came out on to the stage of the drama, — the fairy-tale was spoiled forever. Madame Vervier had been its centre; the wine-like sweetness of her smile, her Circe security, had been its atmosphere. And now the magic was broken. He could see nothing else as she came forward to greet him, so lovely, lovelier than ever to his eyes, so kind and

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simple, welcoming back with her wide, enveloping gaze the friend who knew so much.

"We have watched your crossing," said Monsieur de Maubert, as the greetings passed, "in imagination. It has been a sea of glass. A sea for the Venus of Botticelli on her shell."

Monsieur de Maubert also was changed, though Giles had no time just then for more than a passing glance of recognition. He spoke with a certain heaviness; as though he came forward to lend a hand.

"A kind young Englishman in tweeds is, I can assure him, far more pleasing to me than any Venus ever painted by Botticelli," smiled Madame Vervier.

Albertine, with a saturnine smile of welcome for Giles, brought out the tea and Madame Vervier took her place at the table. Everything in her loveliness was altered, and, as he looked at her, with surreptitious glances, aware, so strangely, that André was looking at him, Giles suddenly felt that it made him think of the alteration in Toppie's face. She, like Toppie, had drunk tears night after night; she, too, had seen the truth and been shattered by it; and she, like Toppie, was built up again. A drift of lilac went behind her head in his imagination while the link so marvellously bound them together. For had she, too, not relinquished? It was as Alix had said it would be. She had guessed everything. Yet though so wan, so careful, so oppressed, she was serene. Her strength, her security, even, was still there, but disenchanted, turned to other uses.

"Are you tired, Giles?" said Madame Vervier, when the tea things had been removed. "Will you rest? I have some letters to write for the post. After that we might have a little walk if you felt so inclined."

Giles said there was nothing he would like better. He would unpack and rest a little and then join her.

She was in the salon with Blanche Fontaine when he came down half an hour later, and on the verandah Monsieur de Maubert sat alone, heavily, Giles still felt, in his sunny corner; not reading; looking out at the sea. Giles was aware of feeling sorry for him, but he did not want to talk to Monsieur de Maubert. He went out quietly at the back of the house, and wandered through the garden, finding himself suddenly, as he came to the gate, bareheaded, his hands in his pockets, face to face with old Madame Dumont and Madame Collet. They sat in a small wicker pony-chaise drawn by a ruminant stout pony, and Giles inferred, since there was only room for two, that Mademoiselle Fontaine had walked beside the pony's head, taking her parents out thus for a peaceful airing.

"*Ah, c'est Monsieur Gilles,*" Madame Collet simpered. "You remember Monsieur Gilles, Maman."

Madame Dumont was not much altered. The vulture-like poise of her head was perhaps more sunken, and her raven eye less piercing; but a light came to it as she saw him, — an old resentment and a present glee. "*Charmée, Monsieur, charmée de vous revoir,*" she assured him, and as her eye measured the morsel thus presented to its greed Giles seemed to see the vulture roused and rustling its feathers. "You are just arrived?"

Giles told her that he was.

"You find your friends again," said Madame Dumont, and there was a quaking note of hurry in the majesty of her tones. "You will, however, find them changed. Ah, changes are sad, disastrous. She has had much to bear. It tells; it tells upon her. You find Madame Vervier aged? Altered?"

"I see no alteration at all," said Giles grimly, his eye turning on Madame Collet, who murmured a low word of protest to her mother. But Madame Dumont was not to be curbed. She leaned from the chaise and laid her lean hand in its black silk mitt on Giles' arm. "*Il l'a lachée,*" she said in a harsh whisper. "*Il va se marier.*"

"Maman, Maman," Madame Collet urgently whispered, casting a helpless glance at Giles. "You must not thus repeat gossip about our friend. Do not heed her, Monsieur. She is so old."

"What are these manners! To whom are you speaking! Old! I am old indeed if I must thus accept impertinences from my daughter!" Madame Dumont thundered, turning a terrible glance upon her child.

Giles hastily muttered an adieu and fled from them. In the door he nearly collided with Mademoiselle Blanche. She had a brilliant smile for him. Her scarlet mouth

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made him feel sick. He promised her, did he not, to have tea with them one day? Giles said he was afraid he had only a very little time to spend at Les Chardonnerets this year.

"You take Mademoiselle Alix from us again?" smiled Mademoiselle Blanche, the cold flame of her eye traversing him, so that he saw once more, in a direful flash of prescience, that in old age her eye would be like her grandmother's.

"I'm afraid not; I'm afraid I shall have to leave her where she wants to be, — with her mother," he said, while Mademoiselle Blanche looked hard at him, with deep inquiry and surmise. Then, murmuring a hasty farewell, she fled, a white marionette, down the path between the nasturtiums.

Chapter VII

On the verandah Alix sat beside Monsieur de Maubert reading *Bérénice* aloud to him. André was stretched near them in a deck chair, his eyes following the smoke of his cigarette, and Madame Vervier emerged from the salon, a little sheaf of letters in her hand. She laid them down on a table and André said that he would presently post them. "Yes. You and I would rather go by the cliff, Giles," said Madame Vervier.

She wore a white dress, — not the tennis dress; this was fashioned differently, with floating panels and long loose sleeves. She was bareheaded, a sunshade in her hand.

"Alix reads to him every afternoon," she said as they went towards the cliff. She spoke of Monsieur de Maubert. "His eyes trouble him of late, *le pauvre cher*. He enjoys hearing Alix. He is very fond of her."

They walked along the little path beaten in the grass at the edge of the cliff. The sea was the Botticelli sea, and against the sky went a flock of young goldfinches. "See the pattern made by the triangles of gold on their wings," she said.

"We call such a flock a charm of goldfinches," said Giles.

"A charm. A charm of goldfinches. And what a happy name! I wish one did not have to think of snares and cages when one sees them. Our people are so cruel for birds. I wish such happy things might escape the snare."

"A great many do. We shouldn't be seeing that charm now unless a great many escaped," Giles tried to smile at her.

"But it is the way of life, is it not, to snare and spoil happiness," said Madame Vervier.

They left the woods of Les Chardonnerets behind them. Before them was the great curve of the cliff and the empty sky.

"So, you see me punished," said Madame Vervier.

Giles walked beside her and found no word to say.

"Even you, stern moralist as you are," she pursued, "could hardly have foreseen such a punishment. To know that I have ruined my child's best chance of happiness; all that I could have hoped for her. To know that she is suffering because of me."

"No, I didn't think it would come like that," Giles murmured.

"Ah, but it has come in the other way, too," she said, looking round at him in the pale shadow of her sunshade, "though I have forestalled that calamity, and a calamity forestalled is always endurable. André and I are parted," Madame Vervier continued to look at him steadily. "I have told him that this summer is the end. He still believes, — or tries to believe, — that he loves me; but he consents. I knew that he would consent."

Giles walked beside her filled with a confusion of pain and pity. Never before had Madame Vervier openly admitted her relation to André, — admitted it to Owen's brother. "He doesn't look like partings," was all he found, most helplessly, to say.

"Partings, at his age, are the preludes to beginnings; and André has the gift of looks. He is, perhaps, not quite at ease; but he has wisdom, Giles, — our French wisdom. His mother, already, is arranging a marriage for him. As soon as our rupture is definitely known he will be able to settle himself in life. And he will be glad to be married to a charming young girl whom he has known since boyhood, — a young girl," Madame Vervier continued in her steady voice, "whom your Madame Marigold met when she came to France last spring."

"You know all about that, then?" Giles muttered.

"How should I not know?" Madame Vervier returned.

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He saw her maimed for life. Yes, it had, with André, gone as deep as that. She had unflinchingly performed the surgical operation, severed the limb and bound the arteries. He saw her bandaged, spotted with blood, drained of joy; but tranquil, moving forward.

"It was time," she said as if to herself. "When Alix returned to me, when I saw what I had done to her, I knew that it was time."

He could not think of one thing to say to her; not one word of comfort or approbation. He would have liked to say that she would be happier; but he did not believe that she would be. He would have liked to say that she had behaved worthily; but the note of moral appraisal was repellent to his imagination. And under everything went that bitter memory of who André was, and of whom the successor.

"But there were further reasons for André's acquiescence," said Madame Vervier suddenly.

They had gone for a long way in silence. A light breeze met them, now that they had rounded a headland, and the thin panels of Madame Vervier's dress were blown backward as she went. Goddess-like as he had always felt her, there was something disembodied, unearthly in her aspect now. It was as if, gliding through sad Elysian fields, beautiful, changeless, she contemplated the sorrows of the past. Yet her voice, as she spoke again, was not the voice of an Elysian spirit. He recognized as he heard it that a bitter humanity still beat at the heart of her confidences and that her tranquillity was not the shining of an inner peace but a shield proudly worn.

"There were further reasons," she repeated, turning her face away from him to the sea. "He knows that it is best to go, since to remain would be to love Alix."

And through all his fear, Giles saw it now, he had clung to the hope that it was an ugly dream. He measured, in a sense of physical sickness, the difference between an ugly dream and reality as in Madame Vervier's words his dread was made close and palpable.

"But isn't that impossible?" It was his English voice that asked the question. His French understanding knew that it was possible.

"Why so? Alix is exquisite."

"But she is your daughter."

"That would offend his taste. That is one of the reasons, as I have said, for his consent to our parting. It is not a reason, if he stayed, that could repress his heart."

"Couldn't Alix be trusted to do that?" Giles asked after a moment. He must approach, in order to know whether Madame Vervier saw it, too, the deepest fear of all. And with what a complex thankfulness he heard in her reply that Alix's secret was safe with him. It did not exist for Madame Vervier's imagination even. A deep, strange bitterness spoke in her voice as she said, "Her dislike for him is an added attraction."

"Her dislike of him? Does she dislike him?"

"Surely you have seen it. As if by instinct. Always. From the first. It is an added attraction," Madame Vervier repeated, and with a little laugh, more bitter than her voice, she said, "It is the first time in his life that André has found himself disliked by a woman."

How strange, how tortuous, how self-contradictory was the human heart, Giles thought, walking beside his unhappy friend. With all her passionate maternal love he felt, thrilling in her tone, a resentment against the child that she should be indifferent to the charm that had so subjugated herself. Giles felt it cruel to ask the further question that came to him, yet he wondered if she had not, often, asked it of herself. "He consents to go, then, because he is hopeless?"

She had, indeed, often asked it. He heard that in her voice as she answered, "Oh, do not let us deprive him of all merit!"

They had reached a further promontory of the cliff and looked over a long stretch of the coast, pale blue sea, pale cliffs, a delicate distant finger of the land running out, against the horizon, with a tiny lighthouse upon it. A bench was set among the grass before this view, and Madame Vervier sank down upon it. Giles sat in the grass at her feet.

"And now," said Madame Vervier, and he heard that she gathered her thoughts from dark broodings, "let us speak no more of me, but of Alix, — of Alix and Jerry. It is because of him that you have come."

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"I saw him before I left. All that he asks is to marry her at once."

"Ah, he loves her, I know. He is an honorable young Englishman and he loves her. It is not Jerry who is the difficulty. It is Alix."

"We must give her time, you see," Giles murmured. "Her pride had such a blow."

"Give her time! I would give her anything!" Madame Vervier exclaimed. "But I can do nothing with Alix, — *rien, rien, rien!* You have altered my Alix, you English, Giles. You have given her a different heart. It is strange to me, and bitter, to feel how changed she is. She loves me. More than ever. But with a love almost maternal; a love terribly mature. She is docile, still; obedient; but she does not deceive me; it is only in the little things, — the things that do not count. For nothing need be lost. Why should it be when the chief stumbling block is removed? There is now only a *rangée* mother to explain, to efface, to avoid. How easy I would make it for my Alix to avoid me if her happiness demanded it! But no, she is a stone to my supplications. She denies that she has ever loved him. She takes her life into her own hands and says that she will never marry, that she will stay with me always and be happy so. I dash myself against a rock in Alix. More than that, — she watches me; she suspects me, as if I were the daughter, *bon Dieu!* and she the mother! I wrote to Jerry. I told him to come, — it was but the other day. I told him that it was best that they should meet and that I would help them. And Alix intercepted the letter. Yes, you may well stare. She confronted me with it and tore it in two before my eyes. She told me she knew too well what I had written and that all was over between them. Cold! Stern! I could hardly believe it was my little Alix. She spoke as if I had done her a great wrong." A note of bewilderment mingled with the grief of Madame Vervier's tone, and indeed, as she made him these ingenuous confidences, Giles saw her as the child, the tricking child; all the French rôles reversed and Alix sustained in hers by what England had given her. No wonder Madame Vervier was bewildered.

"But you don't want her to marry a man she does not love."

"Love! Why should she not love him, since she loves nobody else!" cried Madame Vervier, a deep exasperation thrilling in her voice. "And even if she did not love him, she cares quite enough. He is an admirable *parti*, this Jerry. I could not have chosen better had I been free to choose. Such a marriage would atone for everything that my darling has lacked. And love would come; why should it not? It is, as you say, her pride only that stands in the way. Ah, if she would only trust me! I could arrange it all."

He could not put before her the old romantic protests. They had ceased to have validity for himself. Far better that Alix should marry Jerry, not loving him, than be exposed to the perils of her life in France. "I've come to try to help you, you know," he said. "I want it as much, I believe, as you want it. About her pride, — Lady Mary, I'm sure, expects them to marry now. She shall hear that."

"Ah, I felt that you had come to give me hope, Giles," Madame Vervier breathed, and her hand, for a moment, rested on his shoulder. "You are wonderful. If any one can help, it is you. Alix will listen to you when she will listen to no one else."

"I'll do my best," Giles muttered. Yet, as he looked down at the grass, sitting there filially at Madame Vervier's feet, he knew that his heart was torn in two and that he longed to put his head down on her knees and tell her that no one in the world would ever love Alix as he himself did.

Chapter VIII

When Giles came down to breakfast next morning Alix was already there, setting a bowl of nasturtiums on the blue and white cloth. He had not had a word with her last night when a sudden fall of rain had kept them all in the drawing-room.

"Will you have a long walk with me this morning, Alix?" he said. "A really long one, you know. I want to go to Allonarville and see the church again; and then, oh, a long way further."

She looked at her flowers, drawing a leaf forward here and there around the edge of the bowl, and he saw that she was troubled. But she said, "We will go to the church at all events. Yes. I should like a walk very much."

André entered as she spoke the words and she went on quietly, giving Giles a

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suffocating sense of the imminence of peril from her very readiness, "Do you not think nasturtiums very charming flowers, Giles? No one ever speaks of them, yet they are charming. The leaves; the color. I like them. And yet I do not love them. Why is it?"

"One doesn't love any of the things of summer as one does the things of spring," André remarked, strolling to the window, and, clearly this morning, Giles divined what he had only surmised yesterday, that his temper was not attuned to brightness; that there might even lurk beneath its graceful surface a vindictive watchfulness.

"Oh, but that is not so," said Alix. "One loves roses, and pinks, and jasmine."

"I would give them all for a handful of primroses," said André, his eyes fixed on her.

"Would you?" said Alix.

It was nothing; it was everything.

"Indeed I would," said André, laughing a little as he stood, leaning, his arms folded, against the window.

Giles, watching the confrontation, sick with dread and fury, knew himself as much baffled as André.

"Here is our coffee," said Alix. "And here is Maman."

Lovely in her white, the white rose, the jasmine, Madame Vervier bent her forehead to Alix's kiss, and something in the daughter's eyes made Giles think of a sword in the hand of an avenging, or protecting angel. André bowed over his hostess' hand.

"Giles and I are to have a long walk, Maman," said Alix, going to her place.

"You will be caught in the rain," said André.

"But see the sunlight," said Madame Vervier, pouring the coffee. "It will be a beautiful morning of great clouds and sunlight. There is nothing I love better."

"Then you will perhaps have a long drive with me, *chère Madame*," said André.

"If Robert may come too. I do not like to leave him behind."

How easy she made it for André to pretend that the relinquishment of the tête-à-tête was a favor he granted her with difficulty!

It would probably rain, thought Giles, as he waited for Alix on the cliff. Great clouds piled themselves along the horizon; the sails of the fishing boats were bent sideways as they went, on a ruffled sea, before the wind.

Suddenly André came down the steps of Les Chardonnerets. He had his cigarette, and an odd bright smile was on his lips; yet as he approached he reminded Giles of the sails on the sea. André might still try to keep up appearances, but the wind was blowing him.

But he was not going to keep up appearances. "So," he said. "To-day is a day of destiny. You are not at all unconscious, are you, Giles? You have come to plead the cause of your laggard young friend the Englishman?"

"Why do you call him laggard?" Giles inquired, and he knew that the anger that boiled up in his breast was so violent that he could have struck André as he stood there. "Would you be eager to take into your family a young girl placed as Alix is placed?"

André became very pale, but his eyes lighted. His sail scooped the sea. "Will you plead my cause with her if I say that I would?" he asked.

Giles stood rooted to the ground. André had not meant to say that. Something in his own look had made him say it. It was the blow returned.

"You don't think of marrying Alix?" said Giles in a low voice.

"I do," André replied. "I think of it, now. It is my way out. Why should I retire when there is that way? Little as you could imagine it, I care for her enough."

"Care for her enough?"

"Yes. You see where I stand. Don't keep up pretenses," said André. "It's come on slowly; but it has me now and there is no escape. My family would have to submit; and her mother's consent I could gain, — to marriage. She does not love your Jerry. And in marrying me she would marry a man whose devotion to her mother would never waver. Don't imagine," said André, eyeing his friend, "that my devotion to Alix's mother has wavered. It is altered, yes; we have no power over these changes. But she will always remain for me the wisest and most admirable of women."

"You don't see the hideousness of what you propose?" Giles felt his foundations tottering beneath him.

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"I deplore a marked awkwardness. Especially since Alix, I fear, has become aware of it. Your English plan of destroying the innocence of young girls has grave disadvantages. But in any case, hideousness is not a word I could connect with any project of mine."

"She'll never take you! Never! I can tell you that now. She would feel it as I do. She would see it as hideous."

"You don't know what she would see; nor do I," said André. "She thinks she hates me. But hate may be the best of beginnings. The struggle may be a little longer. I like struggles; the longer they last the sweeter is the surrender at the end. And I have every reason to believe that to begin with hate is often to end with a surrender more complete."

As André gave him this information Giles saw Alix emerge upon the verandah.

She could not hear their voices, but their confrontation she must remark. Seeing Giles' eyes fixed, André turned his head and looked for a moment, also. Then he glanced back to Giles. "Plead your Jerry's cause," he said. "*Je vous cède le pas.*" He turned on his heel. "If you fail, I shall plead mine."

Giles was aware, as Alix approached him, that he must seem to stare stupidly. "I could gain her mother's consent." Of all the brazen words that André had uttered, it was these that rang most brazenly in his ear. Was it true? Was it possible? If Alix already loved him? Could he be sure of his Alix were the hideous complicity of events thus to disclose itself? He could have fallen at her feet, in tears, clasping her and supplicating her not to be abased.

But as she approached him, silent, he muttered a trivial word and they turned to walk along the cliff path, while the clouds piled themselves higher in the blue sky and the wind blew yet more strongly from the sea.

Alix did not say a word. She held her hat at her side and the wind blew back her hair. Over her white dress a long white woollen cloak was knotted at her throat, and it, too, blew back from her as she walked. She looked before her with the high, majestic look he had already noted on her face in moments of great emotion.

"Alix," said Giles in a low voice.

They had gone for a long way in silence. The sea was now green beneath them. The sky was a wild gray and all the grass silver as the wind blew it towards their feet. He did not know what he was going to say. He did not look at her. But he saw that she turned her face towards him. A clue then came. "Alix, do you remember, long ago, you promised me that you would never tell me a lie?" he said.

Not unclosing her lips she nodded. He had glanced at her and met her eyes, but he could not read her look.

"Well," he heard that his voice trembled and he was suddenly afraid that he should not get far without crying, "Jerry showed me a letter he had from you. It troubled him; badly; but he couldn't know how it troubled me. You said you could never marry him because you now loved some one else. Was that true, Alix?"

She turned away her head and looked before her; and again she did not speak.

"Please tell me," he pleaded. She was terribly pale. Did she expect him not to have heard? Not to ask, since he knew? "Please, Alix," he repeated, and then, once more, she bowed her head.

"Well," Giles did not know how he forced his voice along, "one more question. Will you tell me this? Is it André de Valenbois?"

"Oh, Giles!" said Alix.

She stopped short there in the wind, turned to him. The wind blew her hair across her face and mechanically she put up her hand and pushed it back while she gazed at him. "Can you ask me that?"

Her face was like a beacon set against the storm, high in the sky. In its light he read all the monstrousness of what he had asked, and her hand, still holding back her hair, seemed to clear it for him so that he could receive the full illumination.

As he read her look and saw the tears that suddenly welled up into her eyes Giles, with an overwhelming lift of the heart, felt himself sobbing. "Forgive me! forgive me, darling, — it was all that I could think."

"Oh, poor Giles," she said brokenly.

They were walking on, quickly now. Somewhere, near by, Giles was conscious of a great brightness approaching him.

"I was horribly afraid. I could think of nobody else. And he loves you, — you see that."

"I see it. Yes. What you have suffered."

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"And though it seemed to me that you hated him; it might not have prevented –"

"Do not let us speak of it. And what she has suffered. You would think, would you not, that I would hate him more for what he has made her suffer," Alix spoke with difficulty. "Yet it is not so. I feel as if I understood it all. It is so strange, Giles, all that I have had to understand in these last months. I seem to understand people like him and Maman. They are so helpless, Giles."

"Oh my darling!" said Giles.

They went on side by side. The rain had begun to fall in great drops. On their tip of promontory they seemed poised between sky and sea. And the brightness was spreading in Giles' heart.

"There is Allonarville," said Alix. The town lay beneath them, half obliterated with the rain.

"Let us run," said Giles. "We can go into a shop."

"Or into the church," said Alix.

He put out his hand for hers and they started to run.

He could have sung with exultation. Not only André's sinister shadow was gone; but that tumult in himself. He was a boy again, and Alix, his child, his darling, was beside him. They ran, a little breathless, smiling round at each other. The peaceful sculptured porch of the church was before them, and it seemed to have been waiting for them, — for centuries.

When they entered they found the church, with its whitewashed walls and innocently bedizened saints, light and smiling after the darkened day outside. A smell of incense, flowers, and cobwebs was in the air.

Alix paused to cross herself with holy water and bent her knee before the High Altar as they crossed the nave, while Giles held his protestant head bashfully high. They sat down on a bench far back in an aisle and smiled, tremulously, at each other. They were so much more alone than on the cliff with the rain and the sea. It was very still, and the sound of the rain outside made the stillness more manifest. The wind had already dropped. It was a summer rain, now, full of sweetness.

"May we talk in church?" Giles whispered. He looked away from Alix at the statue of the Virgin, all white and blue, with pots of pink hydrangeas at her feet.

"I think we may," said Alix.

"Your saints won't mind, will they?" Giles could not keep the tremor from his voice.

"I think my saints are pleased," Alix's voice, too, trembled, but she was not as shy as he was.

"You know, Toppie has gone into her convent," Giles said, gazing at the Virgin, whose uplifted, blessing hands brought the image of Toppie so vividly before him. It was as if Toppie herself stood there, smiling down upon them. "I saw her in Oxford, only a little while ago. She saw something that everybody has been seeing; even Jerry saw it. You know, Alix, I love Toppie as much as ever, yet I'm so changed. It's all so different. Can you understand that?"

"I never dreamed you could be different about Toppie," Alix murmured.

"Was that why you thought I'd never guess, even if I saw your letter to Jerry?"

"I did not think you would ever guess."

"I didn't. I never dreamed there was a chance for me."

Alix, too, had been gazing before her, sitting there beside him in her wet white cloak; but as he said this she leaned forward and put her hands up to her face.

"Oh, darling, are you crying?" Giles' arms were round her as he asked it. "Have I been so stupid? Is it really me you love?"

"Ever since that day I came to you from Toppie —"

She was crying; but it was in his arms, and his cheek was against her dear wet head.

Happy, happy, happy, — were the only words in Giles' mind, and they went on and on like a song while he heard the rain falling sweetly and the brightness was all about them.

He listened to the rain for a long time, but when he spoke it was to answer her last words. "It's been since then with me, too."

Alix's head lay against his shoulder and he held both her hands in his against his breast; and he was seeing the little French girl, the strange, ominous little French girl sitting in the Victoria waiting-room with her straight black brows and her eyes calm over their fear. He was seeing the lovely dancing head bound with crystal, aware of him, looking for him even in her joy; he was seeing the Alix who had come from Toppie.

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"And who did you think I should believe it to be, darling, when I saw the letter to Jerry? Didn't you know I'd have to ask you some time? Did you really believe, when we were as near as we've always been, you could hide it from me?"

"I thought I could. I had to stop Jerry from coming. I could have pretended that there was some one you didn't know. Some one who might not love me, but whom I should always love."

"You who promised never to tell me a lie!"

"But for those things women must always lie, Giles."

She raised her head now to look at him. Her face was radiant yet grave. "There will never be anything to hide any more,— never, never. You understand all my life. You understand Maman. Giles, how happy this will make her."

"I hope it will. But I came to plead Jerry's cause, you know. She thinks I'm pleading it now."

"How happy it will make her that you did not have to plead it."

"Will it? She'd have preferred the better match for you, darling."

"She will not think it better. It was all she had left to hope for, that was all. It has wounded her pride horribly to have to hope for it, — after the bitter things it has meant for her and for me."

"But, if you could have cared. Everything would have come right. Lady Mary is so fond of you and she would have stood by. Darling, it isn't only loving; it's living. Do you face it all? To live in Oxford? To have no balls and no hunting? To wear the wrong sort of clothes and think about ordering breakfast?"

She put her hand on his shoulder, as if with its pressure to help him to think clearly. "You are English and believe that more than anything it is right to marry the person you love."

"But you are French, Alix. It's the other belief that's in your blood. The belief in what's suitable."

"Ah, but it is true what Maman says to me, when she reproaches me; I have in some things become English. I think the thing most suitable of all is to love one's husband. And I do not love Jerry; he is not near me at all; while you are like a part of my life. No, listen to me, dear Giles. This is not making love. It is being French; it is being reasonable. Even the clothes and the breakfasts, — oh, I know that they are important. But I am used to being poor and to knowing how to be right with very little money. I shall know how to be right."

Her eyes, resting on him, were the eyes of the English Alix, of the woman who chooses, for herself, her life and the man she will share it with; yet their look was a French look, too. The look of one who has no illusions; who sees an order and accepts it.

The storm had passed. Sunlight was flooding in through the high pale windows of the clerestory. The Virgin's crown glittered against her pillar. Slowly, hand in hand, Alix and Giles walked down the nave.

But there was something more he had to say to her, here, in her France, in her church, beneath her Virgin's blessing hands. This woman Alix had made none of the conditions that the child Alix, bewildered, charmed, afraid, had asked of her first lover. She asked no promises. She left everything to him. It was his order she accepted.

And before they turned to go, Giles paused and took both her hands in his. It was at the feet of the dear, silly Virgin in her white and blue and gold that he made his promise: "Darling, you shall lose nothing, nothing that I can help. It will never be alone that you'll come for your holidays. If you take England for me, you must give me all that you can of France. Everything that is sacred to you is sacred to me, too."

When they opened the door the world was dazzling with sunlight and a great white cloud towered up like an august and welcoming angel in the sky, while across the *Place* the little Curé came hurrying, stout and active with his rosy, peasant face and thick gray hair. He looked at them kindly, if very shyly, murmuring a word of greeting to Alix as they all met in the porch, and Giles, mindful of conformity to custom, dropped the hand he held. But Alix, as she smiled at the Curé and smiled beyond him at all the sunlit world she was entering, took Giles' hand in hers again, and said, "Monsieur le Curé, may I present to you my fiancé?"

THE END

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Blessings of Prohibition

In the June FORUM *Congressman John Gordon Cooper set forth what he considered the benefits of prohibition. A correspondent, Mr. Henry R. Goldberg, takes sharp issue with the Congressman in a letter from which we have extracted the salient paragraphs:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Cooper would have us believe that the social, economic, and industrial reforms accomplished by prohibition are incalculable. He makes the Volstead Act responsible for sweeping improvements, although analysis of the results of that law leads to a different conclusion. It is perfectly proper to indicate the reform tendencies of liquor restriction, but it is not fair to assign to the movement the economic and social consequences of very different factors.

Statistical guesses result in gross misconceptions from the economic point of view. To say that at least seven million motor cars have been bought with money that formerly went to the saloon is pure exaggeration. If every industry set up such a claim the country would be choked with wealth. Cooper says that the per capita wealth of America has increased from $968 to $2,918 on account of prohibition. There is no proof of this. On the other hand we all know that prices of commodities, real estate, bank deposits, etc., have simply been inflated over one hundred per cent since 1914. It is true that savings may have doubled, but the purchasing power of the money represented, the true value of the medium of exchange, has remained stationary, if not declined. Wherein does prohibition enter?

Let us glance at some of the consequences of prohibition that common sense is quick to see. We have with us to-day the bootlegger, not a social element, but a social class. We all know the wealthy bootleggers in our town, how nicely they live, and how they make their money. Like the pimp, the bootlegger is the great stimulus to yield to temptation. He is crime-per suasion personified. Moreover, the boot legger keeps the best company. A recen disclosure in Hartford, Connecticut, pro duced customer-lists that contained the finest professional and business men and women in the community. No, the bootlegger is far from a social outcast. The illicit dealer in liquors is conceited enough to state his profession in his income tax return. And Roger Babson accounts for much of our recent prosperity to large government receipt of income taxes from bootleggers. If this is economic improvement, prohibition has achieved it. It is true that large sums of money were formerly spent for beer, yet the economic stability of this country is hardly improved if that money is now spent for ginger ale, or wood-alcohol in palatable form.

There is an interesting phase of prohibition socially that is seldom discussed. I refer to the shifting of the drinking classes. Possibly the poor man cannot afford his illicit beer now. Instead we have the wealthy classes, the men who have the means and intelligence, procuring illegal liquors. If liquor consumption is being stimulated

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among the people of the country whose mental faculties make them valuable, prohibition cannot justify itself. In addition we have the younger generation finding a thrill for jaded emotions in dealing with the rum smuggler. Here the Volstead Act strikes at the very seed of a new generation. No, one cannot be convinced that, as Congressman Cooper believes, prohibition is an unmixed blessing.

HENRY R. GOLDBERG.

West Hartford, Conn.

Give Credit Where Due

Editor of THE FORUM:

I agree thoroughly with Mr. Cooper, in your June number, that abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors conduces to prosperity and happiness, and this in spite of the fact that the two nations who have made the largest contribution to civilization thus far, are beer drinkers, and the two who come next are wine drinkers. But why say the "benefits, opportunities, and privileges we enjoy are all based on the Constitution!" Most of them are based on our habits of morality, our respect for duty and for private property, which last implies paying legitimately incurred debt. Of what use would our Constitution be to Russia if her political subdivisions adopted it? It has not been of much benefit to the Central American States.

Again, why assume that "active opposition to prohibition" is a "blow at the Constitution?" A majority of our citizens regard the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment as "a blow at the Constitution." Suppose the Twentieth Amendment were, "The Eighteenth Amendment is hereby repealed," would it be a "blow" to denounce it? The great benefits of the Constitution are that is does away with the possibilities of war between the States, that it establishes free trade, a uniform currency, liberty of travel without passports, and a reference of all questions of foreign relations to one central authority. These are real, tangible, benefits which we enjoy every day.

The Constitution was never intended to regulate private conduct. The Eighteenth Amendment would not have received a vote in the constitutional convention, and it is absurd to ask us to regard it as sacred as the clauses that insure the great fundamental principles. The usual fallacies of the prohibitionist abound in Mr. Cooper's paper. "The death rate in the United States has fallen amazingly under prohibition." Nearly half the death rate is of children under fourteen, whom prohibition does not touch. Medical science has saved a large percentage of these and of adults. Again "Crime has lessened." Has it? I read every day of "hold ups" and shootings. Mr. Wm. M. Gemmile may be a "foremost criminal authority," but I was told by a friend that it was "almost suicidal to be known to be in possession of a large sum of currency in New York, and that there was a large number of gunmen in the city who would commit murder for ten dollars, if absolutely sure that they would not be found out."

"Last year the Savings deposits of the country increased a billion dollars," due to the Eighteenth Amendment it is implied. But of that billion dollars a large part is interest credited on accounts, and in no way due to thrift. And the amount is reckoned in dollars worth one half as much as the dollars of 1814. A credit of $1,000 ten years ago now stands at $1,480, but when you come to spend it will buy about $800 of real goods. This serious loss is not due to prohibition but to the war, during which we made an immense profit on goods and food sent to Europe and got into the habit of reckless expenditure which raised the price of everything. When prices once go up they stay up till the sellers have more of the things they wish to sell than they can carry. Wheat is about the only thing that is cheap now.

Prohibition is a good thing if you cannot have temperance without it, but why credit it with effects that do not belong to it? Better attribute them to a high tariff or wise legislation.

CHARLES J. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Conn.

Catholicism and the State

Editor of THE FORUM:

In Mr. Conboy's interesting article in the July FORUM entitled, "Can a Catholic be President?", I believe he has, quite unconsciously, missed the crux of the issue brought so prominently to the front recently in the Democratic National Con-

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vention. As I am neither a Protestant, nor a Catholic, nor a Jew, in my convictions, and belong to no religious organization of any kind, I may perhaps, without offense, and without danger of raising a religious controversy, call his attention to it. It may be stated concisely as follows:

Of all the varieties of Christianity, the Catholic church, both in its Roman and Greek divisions, is the only one that has consistently held in the past, and now holds and teaches, that its authority in certain matters is superior to that of the State.

This cannot be denied, as all history since the foundation of Christianity proves it beyond controversy.

And while Catholicism in the United States is a very different affair from Catholicism in Europe, in Latin America, and in French Canada, yet even in our own land of religious freedom, both the Roman and Greek clergy, in practice, hold firmly to the principle enunciated, and in several well defined ways lose no opportunities to impress upon their parishioners that it is their duty to cling to it, and to put it in practice whenever and wherever possible. It would not be difficult to cite thousands of incidents corroborative of this statement, but I do not feel it incumbent on me to go into that matter, at least, not at the present time.

However, so long as that is the settled standard or attitude of Catholicism, it would seem to me to be extremely unwise for patriotic Americans to allow devout Catholics to occupy important positions in either the legislative, the judicial, or the executive departments of our system of government. My hope is that in due time, the American hierarchy, recognizing the changed conditions of modern times, will publicly, and by their acts, renounce that attitude, and so place themselves in line (on that score) with American Protestants, Hebrews, Mohammedans, Pagans, and Agnostics.

THEO. F. VAN WAGENEN.

Denver, Colorado.

Woman Suffrage and Evolution

Editor of THE FORUM:

Two recent articles on Woman Suffrage, one in the "Century" magazine, the other in the "Atlantic Monthly," find it a failure. Such judgment is synonymous with the judgment of the small boy who plants a seed, then rushes out next morning expecting to find a plant, or flowers.

The writer worked for the enfranchisement of women, not because of any expectation of sudden, marvellous results, but purely as an educational factor in evolution, — and evolution produces no sudden results.

The majority of women are not interested in public affairs, particularly national. There is a small minority of women whose environment and training has interested and educated them along these lines, but the great majority have not evolved thus far. They are attending to producing their species, which is fundamentally their chief mission in life. The manifold duties and responsibilities of motherhood have left neither time nor encouragement to rise intellectually to an equality with man, who has swung "the big stick" since cave-man times. Woman has so far just "got by" with the crowd.

Why should she vote? Many reasons. Of course many of the women in club, social, and hotel life are as a rule not hard-working mothers of the world. It is just human nature to take the path of least resistance and since these women are provided for and have few duties, they obey instinct, and drift, or look for a place in the sun.

"Is woman suffrage a failure?" Considering the fact that evolution has been in progress for millions of centuries while the enfranchisement of women has existed a bare four years, to regard it either as a failure or success is more than premature.

Why should women vote? Not at all to cause trouble, confusion, and wreckage, or to unseat bosses, as seems to have been expected; not particularly to be members of Congress or legislatures, at least until they have learned their lesson. Perhaps the mass of women do not care for enfranchisement. Why should they? They have been herded intellectually as sheep are herded.

The great mass of women are still in leading strings. Man has made no effort to lift, intellectually, the mother of his children. Gentleness, femininity, and lovableness are sufficient. For him — yes. But who is with the child more, father or

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mother? What does the average parent aim at in the rearing of a child? Intellectual development is trusted entirely to teachers who are absolute strangers. The father is not with the child enough to make any accurate judgment as to the conditions developing in the child brain. Why should the mother be an educated intellectual? The reason is obvious.

What has this to do with woman suffrage? Much. The child asks millions of questions that have to do with public affairs, national, political, and religious. If the mother votes she will slowly acquire a knowledge of public affairs, and her interest in these things will be aroused because she will have a great desire at least to keep abreast of the education of her child. Of course he wont arrive at the voting age in four years. But twenty years covers a multitude of things. Twenty years ago we knew nothing of the radio or of the many wonders that are an open book to-day. The world is progressing by leaps and bounds. Shall the mothers of the world be left behind in this intellectual progress? Perhaps some of them can keep up without any stimulus, but to others the vote is an intellectual stimulus. We cannot see its effect in four years. But let us hope! Twenty years, forty, a hundred, will show undreamed of results, not in members of Congress or legislatures, but in higher, more important work.

The enfranchisement of women is only a step in earthly evolution. Earthly evolution is only a phase in the evolution of the universe.

CAROLYN MACDONALD.

New York City.

Re-christen Relativity

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Is Einstein Wrong?"

No, so far as the mathematical framework of his theory is concerned.

Yes, with reference to the physical interpretation given the mathematical formulae by Einstein himself and all other mathematical physicists.

Einstein mathematics is many leagues ahead of qualitative physical science. Because of the structure of their minds, the mathematicians themselves are not likely to be able to supply the correct qualitative interpretations of their formulae. The qualitative physical structure that will fit the mathematical framework will be many years in building, and the builders will probably be men of large general culture rather than specialists in science.

As a first step out of the mire into which Einstein has led the scientific world, the undersigned would suggest that the name "Theory of Relativity" be changed to "Theory of Deformation." In the next place, it is suggested that Einstein and his followers abandon the fatal error of treating magnetic and gravitational fields as identical. The deformations of Euclidean geometry are electromagnetic phenomena, — the products of electromagnetic fields, and not of gravitational fields.

Like our earth, every celestial body is surrounded by both a magnetic and a gravitational field. A ray of vibrations of light, being an electromagnetic product imparted to the medium called the ether by the medium called the magnetic flux (both of which are very real, and the latter being the only agency which can disturb, distort, strain, or deform the former), is not susceptible of bending by gravitation (in which the ether itself is the agent), but does undergo a bending when passing through a magnetic field at small angles to the threads of magnetic flux, or when passing from one magnetic field into another of different intensity.

The natural magnetic fields of the cosmos are so large and weak that their deformation of Euclidean geometry is negligible except when viewed or measured comprehensively; but minute special deformations of Euclidean geometry can be produced in strong artificial electromagnetic fields.

To make experiments along this line, and thus gain more definite conceptions of the structure of magnetic and gravitational mediums and fields, would elucidate Einstein's theory better and profit the scientific world more than debates of the Einstein theory as now carried on. Descriptions of such experiments and their disclosures would make more acceptable reading for the general public.

JOHN LEUTHOLD.

Pueblo, Colo.

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Should We Naturalize the Japanese?

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of prominent men and women on a subject of international importance debated by Valentine Stuart McClatchy and Raymond Leslie Buell in the September number of The Forum.

The question is no longer "Should the Japanese Be Excluded from Our Ports?" Wisely, or unwisely, by an Act of Congress such exclusion is an accomplished fact. We have, however, about one hundred and twelve thousand Japanese residents in our country. Should there be extended to them the right, or privilege, of American citizenship? In the debate on the question, The Forum endeavored to present fairly and clearly both sides of the issue. Consequently, in a post-debate discussion of the same question, intense bitterness, personal aversion, and technical discussion of our immigration policy have been excluded as beside the point. Briefly, the arguments against and in favor of granting citizenship to Japanese now resident in the United States, rest on a few pointed questions: Is the Japanese unassimilable, or does he provide excellent material for citizenship? Is his race a "powerful enemy" or a "negligible element"? Does he want citizenship, or does he prefer to remain loyal to Japan? Will he form another 'bloc' — as the negro — politically and economically speaking, or can he be amalgamated into a people already made up of many different bloods and blends? To be logical and consistent with our immigration policy, recently expressed, must we withhold the offer of naturalization to these people? And, in the final analysis, what is the stand which America, as a Christian nation, must take toward what is, perhaps, a "moral issue"? These are the main points involved in the following discussion.

Feeling on the Pacific Coast, of course, runs high, and with a very few exceptions, Mr. McClatchy's supporters, opponents of granting naturalization to the Japanese, are from the Pacific Coast states, — a fact which brings up the question rather neatly put by Dr. William Oleon of Pittsburgh, who asks if it is not a matter of "California versus the United States" and who goes on to say, "The case is one belonging in the sphere of human emotion where reason is at a loss, and we Easterners, also a part of the U. S. A., are unable to understand it. The answer is that the Californians do not like the Japanese and that ends it all." Harry Noyes Pratt, Associate Editor of the "Overland Monthly", as if in sharp rebuttal to Dr. Oleon's remark, writes, "With all respect to Raymond Leslie Buell, I have found that our university professors, — who appear to be the chief proponents for the admission of the Japanese to citizenship, — look upon the question from the academic angle. Those who have lived among the Japanese here in the West know that the problem is an economic one, and one of vital importance. While the Japanese in California, for instance, hold a relatively small percentage of the entire acreage of the state, that percentage covers one-eighth of the state's richest land."

Oil and Water

By far the greatest number of those protesting against the possible admission of the Japanese to citizenship, take their stand on the ground that the Japanese race is so constituted as to be incapable of assimilation; a nation inherently loyal and subject to the Japanese government, as an American, perhaps, would always remain an American in Japan. "The Japanese upon becoming citizens, have nothing further to offer constructively," is the judgment of Merrill C. Moishead, of San Francisco, who continues, "In competing with white labor the Japanese tendency is degrading; each individual in the family being considered a worker in the field. Their community plan of living, while economical, is feudalistic in that labor is bound to the soil." That oil and water will

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not mix is an old saying, and Father Corwin C. Miller, of Kingsville, La., feels that the people of Japan and America will never amalgamate, and that "inasmuch as no foreigner can own land in Japan, our recent act was a wise step."

Vivid and picturesque is the statement of George J. Burns, Industrial Engineer of Los Angeles, who writes, "I am opposed to oriental citizenship not so much because they are bad as because they are different. Weeds may be as fragrant as the vegetation they supplant. Hyacinths in a Florida river obstruct navigation while retaining their form and color. It would be folly to descant to a farmer on the beauty of the daisies in his mowing field. Intellectual calibre is not a factor in deciding whether a smallpox patient should be quarantined." Charles G. Adams, Landscape Architect, and W. L. Frost, of Los Angeles, and Curtis Benton of the Western Information Bureau, have had such personal experiences with the Japanese as to make them out of patience with even the notion of granting to these people the right of becoming American citizens.

Whether or not we should add another foreign element to our "polyglot electorate," is a matter of grave concern to thoughtful Americans, — Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, feels this to be the crux of the whole matter. "We do not want another 'bloc' which must be considered and placated at each national election. Let us give sympathy and justice to the Japanese already here; but let us not complicate our politics by adding an Asiatic party." James Duval Phelan, ex-Senator and author, and W. H. George, both of San Francisco, and Carl J. Smith, prominent attorney of Seattle, share in this opinion. Mr. Smith further questions the desire on the part of the Japanese residents in this country, doubting whether they earnestly wish to renounce allegiance to their native land and to their own people whom they consider so superior.

"Such naturalization would mean a political catastrophe," in the judgment of H. C. Lichtenberger of Los Angeles, one of the many good points in his letter being, "Shall we grant the privilege of the ballot to a race that is inimical to every principle upon which democratic institutions are founded?" That the Japanese race is inimical to such principles, because of national and racial pride, enhanced by religious and national teaching, is a view held by Michael O'Sullivan, Springfield; LeRoy F. Smith, Los Angeles; and Frank L. Coombs, Congressman of Napa, Calif. The religion of the Japanese is his country and his ancestors, in the estimation of Ben W. Reed and O. P. Bell, of Long Beach. "This makes of them perfect, satisfied, devoted citizens in their own land, but by the same token, difficult to absorb by adoption," Mr. Coombs writes.

Another Mistake?

"The fact that we already have embarrassing race problems does not justify outaking a new one," is a general consensus of opinion. That we have to put up with what we have, — the negro citizen, Chinese, Turk, — and that in the face of what we know now we might not have admitted them into citizenship is the reaction of Henry B. Phillips, and E. O. Sawyer, publisher, both San Franciscans. While the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of California, Will C. Wood, basing his views on public school problems in that state, feels that the task of assimilating the children of Japanese is exceedingly difficult.

"If the privilege of naturalization be extended to those Japanese now here, it cannot be consistently denied others who may come in the future," writes Clarence M. Hunt, Manager of the "Grizzly Bear Magazine." Mr. Hunt feels that Japanese residents in the United States should be returned to their own country. W. H. Coles, editor of the "Spokesman Review," Spokane, shares in the view of the Japanese as an unassimilable race, and writes, "If we did not have the negro question in this country, I do not believe many would want it created in the light of our experience. The Japanese people are much more difficult to deal with than the negroes for the reason that they are seemingly industrious and often clever and courageous, yet they cannot be amalgamated."

An Official View

From Washington comes a letter from a governmental official who, for the present, prefers to remain in ambush. He takes his stand against naturalization "because America is engaged in a life-and-death

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struggle for unity as a nation and solidarity as a people. She cannot afford to establish a precedent or yield a principle which inevitably would compel her to admit all Asiatics on the same conditions as Europeans; or else shut out both absolutely. If we naturalize the Japanese, what, then, would become of the idea that 'it is not a question of admitting the Japanese'? The Immigration Law of 1924 excludes not 'Japanese' but 'aliens ineligible to citizenship.' When you make them eligible by naturalizing some of them, what law will exclude them? None. And when we do this for the Japanese, can we in all conscience, refuse to do it for the Chinaman, the Hindu, and the Malay?"

Neither Yes Nor No

After all, in the estimation of a large number of those interested in the question, is it not rather the point that as a nation we must be logical and consistent, immigration and naturalization being so closely interwoven, and not a problem of race discrimination. Robert E. Park, Research Director of the Survey of Race Relations, San Francisco, writes, "I do not believe it wise to encourage any new legislation until public opinion on the Coast has succeeded in making clear to itself and to the rest of the United States its position in regard to the Oriental." Or, as Mr. G. R. Parker, of New York, puts it, "to attempt to undo a great national blunder by offering naturalization, would not be unlike gratuitously insulting a friend and immediately offering him a cheap cigar." Thomas Mott Osborne, former Warden of Sing Sing, George Thomas Marye, former Ambassador to Russia, Karl Offer and Charles A. Colwin of San Francisco, and J. M. Richardson, of Cincinnati, concur likewise in the opinion that such legislation at the present time is unwise. Wilmot R. Evans, councellor-at-law in Boston, feels that "a solution to the problem might be to admit all Chinese and all Japanese now in the country as citizens, but in our dealings we must avoid the despotic and unjust."

Sinclair's "Bolshevism"

Upton Sinclair, author of the widely discussed *Goose Step* exposing modern American educational methods, and ever original in his views, writes to The Forum: "I do not think that citizenship should be based on race. If we admit people to this country to live we should admit them to vote. The only grounds upon which I should favor the exclusion of adult human beings from the franchise are insanity, crime, and parasitism. By the last I mean that I would not allow a vote to those persons who consume wealth without producing it. But that is what is called Bolshevism, and probably you will not want to publish it."

Honored Sojourners

Felix Adler, founder of the New York Society For Ethical Culture, fears that there is no altogether good way out of the situation now existing, and he goes on to say, "If it is deemed wise, in the interest of the ultimate civilization of the world, that the oriental races should develop their type of civilization within their own borders, and similarly the occidental people within theirs, then mutual ineligibility to citizenship implies no disparagement. It is unfortunate that the word used, 'ineligible', should emphasize the notion of exclusion instead of presenting the true idea of functional distinction. If separation is desirable at all, it is inconsistent to naturalize those who happen to be in this country. They should be treated and honored as sojourners." Chester H. Rowell, editor, writes from Berkeley, "If there were nothing in the proposal to naturalize Japanese but the naturalization itself, nobody would be debating it. Japan has not asked it and America has not refused it. There is no issue. And negligibly few individuals are concerned. Most of the Japanese in America would be disqualified by lack of English education and many of the remainder do not desire expatriation. The few others are not numerous enough to be practically important, either way, even if the question had been raised in their behalf. The only really important problem is the American-born children of Japanese race. And they are citizens already."

Sidney L. Gulick, although Secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches, writes in an entirely personal capacity. In part he says, "I do not advocate a special act of Congress permitting the Japanese to be naturalized. The present need, in my judgment, is a new law raising the standards of naturalization and

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giving identical and equal opportunity to all, without race discriminations, to become citizens. Immigration and naturalization are two distinct matters. The former should be rigidly controlled. The latter should be made more searching in regard to qualifications and should be completely free from discriminations as to race and nationality. Granting the privilege of citizenship to all who qualify could do no possible harm to our country, provided the doors were not opened for free or large immigration. In my judgment there is only one way to quiet the storm now brewing. Let us amend the law of naturalization so as to remove its race discriminatory character. Let citizenship be offered to everyone who properly qualifies personally."

Majority Favor Naturalization

Approximately two thirds of those sending to The Forum their views on the question stand in favor of such naturalization. Their judgment is based, for the most part, on three issues: the characteristics of the Japanese which make them desirable material for citizenship; the fact that we have needlessly hurt a proud, sensitive people and insofar as possible we should make amends; and finally, the "moral issue", — our duty and responsibility as a Christian nation.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, says, "On the material side I think the American people in general stand in great need of a variety of Japanese labor, because of its strength, skill, and zeal in work; on the spiritual side the Japanese people deserve the high respect and the friendliest treatment from the American." In the estimation of Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College, the question does not need to be argued. "I can see no reason whatever for denying naturalization to Japanese in this country," he writes. "Common sense and common decency require that it should be done; race prejudice and commercial rivalry alone oppose." Henry C. King, President of Oberlin College, expresses himself as in favor of naturalization, and Charles A. Richmond, President of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., makes a plea that we take care not to wound national sensibilities, and goes on to say, "If people are to live with us, we should encourage them to take on the duties and responsibilities as well as the privileges of citizenship." Henry van Dyke, former Minister to the Netherlands, states briefly that in his opinion "irrespective of race, all whom we have admitted to residence in our country for more than three years should be naturalized, except in special cases, specially authorized."

"There seems to be every reason for making possible and encouraging the naturalization of the Japanese and no valid one against it," writes Kenneth Scott Latourette, Professor of Missions at Yale University. "The Japanese make as intelligent citizens as most of our immigrants, the number involved is not large, and naturalization would both hasten assimilation and remove part of the basis of accusation that we are discriminating unfairly against their race." Many others feel that we have a grave responsibility toward the people within our gates, among them Herbert Adams Gibbons, of Princeton University, author of *America's Place in the World War*, *Ports of France*, and *A Selected Bibliography of the World War*, all published within the past year. Dr. Gibbons feels that "We have allowed the Japanese to come and settle here, and it is unwise and unjust, now that we have the rigid exclusion act to take care of the future, to continue to debar Japanese residents of the United States from citizenship. When we consider the size of our population, we have nothing to fear from the Japanese already here; and we must accept responsibility for them and treat them as we treat others."

Allen W. Porterfield, author and instructor at West Virginia University, can find no adequate excuse or justification for our recent measures or for the further exclusion under discussion. "The Japanese make good citizens, and this is a free-for-all country. That, so far as I can humanly see, is the end of the business. It would be agreeable, at least to many of us, if this country were composed of a homogeneous race of nice people. But we did not start off that way!" Along the same vein is the reaction of George B. Winship, of San Diego, who has had experience with the Japanese on the Pacific Coast for the past twenty years and has found them "a very fine people, honest, efficient, and faithful, superior in many respects to some other races favored by the exclusion act." He concludes

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his letter in a commendable burst of spirit, "I am an American citizen of '76 ancestry, and by heck, it is humiliating for me to concede that the little brown men from Japan are our superiors in productive and kindred pursuits, and that in order to suppress them we must resort to methods unfair and unsportsmanlike."

With equal animation Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor, retorts, "In giving reasons why we do not think the Japanese are fit for American citizenship, it is not a question of there being anything bad about them; but it is simply because they are too damned good for us. You know and I know as most Americans know, that the real reason for excluding the Japanese from our country and for barring them from citizenship, is the fact that we cannot compete with them on equal terms. On a farm a Japanese will do about twice as much at all manner of farm work per hour as an American farm-hand can do; and they are willing to work and do work about twice as many hours, and they know how to get very much more out of the soil than we can get."

One In One Thousand

A bit of statistical information that goes far in clarifying the discussion is contributed by E. Clemens Horst, Exporter, of San Francisco, who feels that there is no need of any discrimination against Asiatics, "either by way of naturalization, immigration, land ownership, or land tenancy, because the total of all Asiatics now within the United States amounts to only 200,000 of a total population of 112,000,000, or one Asiatic to 560 of other nationalities, while of these, the proportion of Japanese is only 1 to 1,100." Others sharing the view taken by Mr. Horst, that the Japanese form a negligible element, are Edward A. Hill, Consulting Geologist, of San Francisco; Frederick W. Gookin, of Winnetka, Ill.; Leopold Semon Bache, the New York broker; and Edward Curtis, for years in business on the Pacific Coast, who adds, by way of personal testimony, what few can say of our American citizens, "I never saw a Japanese drunk, I never saw one idle, I never saw one uncivil, nor in the custody of the police."

What of other nationalities? seems to be a pertinent question. Charles C. Hardy feels that if we are willing to welcome the German among us, and give him the right of citizenship, we should extend that right to the Japanese. "There is no greater difference between the educated and uneducated oriental than between the educated and uneducated Irishman or Scandinavian," writes William H. Short, Director of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association. From his observation and intimate acquaintance with educated Japanese, Chinese, and Hindus, he is convinced that they can be assimilated because he has seen the process going on as rapidly and thoroughly as with any other alien.

The Last Analysis

In the final analysis, according to a host of opinions presented by Boards of Foreign Missions of practically every denomination, by clergymen, missionaries and social reformers, the present policy of America toward the Japanese, and any possible refusal of citizenship to them is "morally indefensible". "The exclusion of any human being admitted to and residing in the United States from citizenship, on account of race, nationality, or color, is undemocratic, unethical, unchristian, and in violation of the Declaration of Independence and of the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States," writes Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and he goes on to say, "Naturalization and citizenship should be based on conditions of character, intelligence, and industriousness, upon spirit and life." L. S. Rowe, director of the Pan American Union, Washington, concurs in this opinion, as well as Julia C. Lathrop, Rockford, Ill., author and humanitarian; Alfred Williams Anthony, executive officer of the Council of Churches; Raymond Calkins, editor and pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, who, from her travels in Japan and her experiences with the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, feels that the Japanese in Christian educational circles are of the "highest type, mentally, morally, and spiritually. These people are our neighbors," she writes, "and if they have made mistakes, so have we. Let us not make the greatest mistake of all in alienating those who have been and still desire to be our friends."

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews about 500 words in length are especially desired.*

Our Own History

During the past ten years, — the most momentous in all the history of mankind, the dissemination of news has been largely hampered by propaganda, governmental and otherwise. In THESE EVENTFUL YEARS (Encyclopædia Britannica; 2 vols. $11.50) is represented the first comprehensive attempt to set forth world history since 1914 in its true light.

The major events of the war are described by those who directed the operations of the forces of the Allied and Central Powers, — Major General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, Director of Military Operations of the British General Staff, General Ludendorff, General Mangin, of the French Army, Admiral Von Tirpitz, Admiral Jellicoe, Admiral Scheer, Commander-in-Chief of the German High Seas Fleet, and Rear Admiral William S. Sims. Various people of importance discuss post-war conditions in every corner of the earth and progress in every field of human endeavor. An admirable summary of the whole period in its political and historical aspects is given by J. L. Garvin, Editor of the London "Observer". The list of contributors is a veritable "Who's Who" of the outstanding figures of the day, many of whom helped to make the very history they are recording.

Topics which admit of controversy are treated from more than one point of view. Both the British and German Fleet Commanders give their version of the battle of Jutland. They differ very little on most essential points; even their conclusion is the same in each case, — it was a victory for the writer's command! Both seafaring gentlemen take the attitude of a conoisseur in the art of naval warfare.

These Eventful Years will serve at least one worthy purpose, — it will inform us of the history of our own time, which we know little enough about. And this is probably due as much to lack of discrimination in reading the newspapers as it is to the sinister influence of propaganda. Then too, it will be a compact source of first-hand information for future generations when they delve into historical research.

The book is entertaining, enlightening, and authoritative. No intelligent person, no matter how well informed, can afford to miss reading it. The publication of *These Eventful Years* is an achievement of first importance.

G. F. H.

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Pen Portraits

That so gifted a man as Frank Harris has not to-day a higher place in the world's esteem or a wider fame may be explained in part by his persistent non-conformity, — a bar, unfortunately, to the contemporary majority, — and in part by his frenzied loves and hates, sometimes having apparently no more foundation than a personal whim or slight, which tend to weaken the force of his estimates and judgments.

The latest volume in the series of character sketches, CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS — FOURTH SERIES (Brentano's, $2.50) includes within its gallery of pen portraits confidential glimpses of such personalities as Turgenev, Matisse, Renoir, Mark Twain, John Tyndall, Trotsky, Lord Curzon, Charlie Chaplin, Max Beerbohm, Gorki, Haeckel, Wagner, Emma Goldman, Jim Larkin, Olive Schreiner, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Chicherin. Frank Harris has dined and wined and hobnobbed with them all. Whether prodigious or voluminous notes or flexible imagination is responsible for the portraits that take life and emerge from the flourishes of his pen is unimportant. The indisputable fact is with us that Frank Harris is highly blessed in the art of portraiture. He is creative. The men and women he draws have breath in their nostrils. An easy manner,— hence sophisticated,— an intimate, conversational tone, a choice of words racy and apt, a confidant air, impassioned enthusiasm and sympathy for those whose gestures are defiant, a profound interest in amour, — this is Frank Harris, "a fellow" to quote Mencken, "happily free from the vanity of modesty."

W. W. ROBINSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Companionable Book

For a tour of the English Cathedrals, we recommend a companion, — not stout, not garrulous, not sentimentally exclamatory, but one able to give the information for which we ask and that for which we know not how to ask. Such a companion is the new edition of Helen Marshall Pratt's THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND. (Duffield & Company, $4.00.)

The preface says the book is for the "intelligent" traveller; one is almost tempted to add, for the "learned" traveller. This, however, is a deceptive first impression. When the use of the practical Glossary has disposed of unfamiliar words, the intelligent reader finds the remainder easy to understand and increasingly interesting.

The little essay on "Stained Glass" deserves special mention. It opens blind or bewildered eyes to a treasure of beauty and meaning.

The writer touches very lightly, or ignores, fanciful interpretations and romantic legends. The information which she gives is strictly reliable, nonetheless, it is given with the reverence and enthusiasm of a devoted student.

ELIZABETH HALE GILMAN.

New York City.

What is Biography?

"It 's the kind of a picture that appeals to people who like that kind of a picture," remarked some one in description of an example of Cubist art. Substituting the word "biography" for "picture," one might say the same thing of ARIEL: THE LIFE OF SHELLEY, by André Maurois (D. Appleton & Company, $2.50). It adds little to what is already known of Shelley's meteoric career, its critical contribution is negligible, and it is concerned with Shelley's environment rather than his poetry.

M. Maurois has, however, found the stuff of a novel in the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley and of those who, crossing his path, lingered a while or walked with him along a thorny way. If fact is stranger than fiction, this record of real people possesses an uncanny fascination seldom attained in a flight of the imagination. Shelley, Harriet, Godwin, Trelawny, Hunt, Byron, Hogg, Mary, — not the dust-covered pawns dragged from the novelist's storeroom, but living persons, moved this way and that, regardless of results, by unseen fingers. Their sad story, told by one who does not presume to pass judgment, need not go far for a sympathetic listener.

The present biographer, one finds, is more interested in the youth who was expelled from Oxford, ran into debt, twice eloped, and was drowned at twenty-nine in the Bay of Spezia, than in the author of *Adonais* and *Prometheus Unbound*. As for

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Shelley, the poet, the being who dwelt apart in the mystical realm of the spirit, — we must look elsewhere for him.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Victorian Poetry

A new chronological and statistical account of the Victorian poets would be at the present time singularly unnecessary; even interpretative criticism, both eulogistic and carping, seems, — with reference to the group as a whole, — to have recorded itself fully; but a volume with the qualities of Mr. Drinkwater's VICTORIAN POETRY (Doran, $1.25) is at no time superfluous.

It is, in fact, not a literary history at all. It is a book about the problems of poetry, written by a worthy poet who is at the same time a more than worthy critic, and illustrated extensively by the practices of the Victorians. Mr. Drinkwater divides his book unequally into two parts: "The Manner of Victorian Poetry" and "The Material of Victorian Poetry." The first and longer section is the more valuable. In his presentation of the problem of manner, Mr. Drinkwater is particularly happy. By the Victorian age, he writes, the English language had "gone through many adventures." In the creation of English poetry, "immense demands had been made upon the language, and many characteristic beauties of poetic style might well have been supposed to have been now explored beyond further possibilities." How the Victorians avoided both consciously adopting and unconsciously suggesting the poetical diction of their predecessors, and at the same time remained true to the poet's function of transfiguring "the common speech of the time" forms the burden of Mr. Drinkwater's story. He devotes the major amount of space, as is natural, to the solutions of Tennyson and Browning, the influences each exercised on his contemporaries, and the heritage they bequeathed to their successors.

The second section of the volume is chiefly noteworthy for its skillful defense of *The Idylls of the King*. Defense, indeed, is the dominant tone of the whole book, not of Tennyson alone but of the entire Victorian period. This defense sometimes takes the form of attack, as when he characterizes those who are "shallow and ignorant about the spiritual and intellectual preoccupation" of the Victorians, and those who make themselves "ridiculous by talking about the great Victorians as though they were lost in a fog of superstition and prudery and moral timidity." He presents ably the reaction against the anti-Victorian reaction.

Though Tennyson and Browning,— especially Tennyson,— are of outstanding prominence in Mr. Drinkwater's discussion, he does not neglect the other poets of the period. Arnold, Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne receive their share of attention. Curiosity is roused as to the poetry of Lord de Tabley, whose name, it may be, will first become known to some readers through these pages. Group characteristics are pointed out with somewhat more emphasis than might have been expected from the critic who, in his *William Morris*, so stoutly assailed the view that the poet is the product of his age.

It is, of course, not to be expected that Mr. Drinkwater's contentions will meet with unanimous endorsement, but that they are significant few will deny. In his critical equipment there seems to be but one consequential omission. He lacks humor. I do not mean to say that he is oppressively serious, or that he is incapable of turning an occasional neat epigram. But he is not endowed with the knack of pinning a phrase to one's mind with a laugh.

CLINTON MINDIL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dangerous Instincts!

It is said that we are living in a scientific age. This is true in a limited sense. The sciences of inanimate matter have, through their practical application, profoundly altered the physical aspect of life, creating more changes in human environment and occupations than have occurred in all previous historic time. Otherwise, we are much the same as before. Science has not given us new instincts, and the instincts we have inherited enabled our ancestors to struggle for life in a wild and primitive world. A vigorous fighting instinct was necessary to our rough forefathers. The same instinct in their modern descendants threatens to bring on a gigantic catastrophe.

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ICARUS, or *The Future of Science*, by Bertrand Russell, and DAEDALUS, or *Science and the Future*, by J. B. S. Haldane (Dutton, $1 each) are two extraordinary little books in which two learned and ingenious scientific men attempt to sketch the next portion of the orbit of civilization. Mr. Russell is skeptical and disillusioned; he thinks it rather likely that the stupidity of rulers and the persistence of the primitive fighting instinct will bring civilization to a stop. Science has tremendously increased the power of rulers by facilitating transportation, communication, and the spread of propaganda; it has also furnished marvellously effective instruments for producing death on the large scale. Added to this, we have world-war even in times of nominal peace, with the commercial forces of rival nations struggling for the raw materials of industry. Until a single universal government is established, we shall never have lasting peace. But political internationalism is impossible without economic internationalism, to which the instinct of rivalry is a vicious obstacle. Mr. Russell sees two possibilities: some one nation, through victory in a world war, may gain the sovereignty of the whole earth and be strong enough to maintain a single despotic rule, or civilization will perish.

Mr. Haldane prophesies that (provided we escape extermination) the coming age will see a new revolution due to biology comparable to the industrial revolution brought about by physics and chemistry. The progress of medicine will abolish disease. The soil will be rendered uniformly fertile by some artificially developed nitrogen-fixing organism. Eugenics will be introduced when it is recognized as the only means of preventing the destruction of civilization. Later, when ectogenetic research has made it possible, children will be produced artificially from selected stock, thus greatly accelerating the improvement of the race, and incidentally making family life a thing of the past.

Other probable developments will be the replacement of fuel by wind,— or water-energy, and, when chemists succeed in making essential foodstuffs in the laboratory, the disappearance of agriculture and the complete urbanization of mankind.

Mr. Haldane makes us see ourselves in our proper light as ancients in the dawn of civilization. He admits that it may require another world-war or two to end war, but "it took man 250,000 years to transcend the hunting pack. It will not take him so long to transcend the nation." He regards science as a powerful instrument of moral progress, in that it quickly makes evils so terrible that progress becomes the only alternative to destruction.

"Science is as yet in its infancy, and we can foretell little of the future, save that the thing that has not been is the thing that shall be; that no beliefs, no values, no institutions are safe."

D. M. PURDY.

Lenox, Mass.

Belloc Admires Us!

The reason why Hilaire Belloc's study of American life, CONTRAST, (McBride & Company $2.00), is a signal contribution to a much controverted subject is that, in contrast to most British writers, he shatters the favorite idea, quite exploited in England and, indeed, repeated by certain groups of sycophantic American writers, that the United States is merely a somewhat inferior Colonial reflection of English life and institutions, in which the admitted "differences" should be very properly held up as "deficiencies" by every true Briton and reprobated by them.

Belloc sees clearly that this is all sheer rubbish. And he also sees that until this rubbishy idea is cleared out of the English mind and until his fellow countrymen realize that the United States, though an English-speaking country, is as he puts it, actually "an alien world," alien in ideas, alien in politics and alien in culture, we shall not only *not* understand each other but very much misunderstand each other.

If this were all his thesis the book might seem coldly academic and cut and dried, but Belloc saves the day by expressing his admiration, even his love for this "different thing" that is America, and his admiration extends to our political forms to a degree that has not been equalled in British discussions of American methods up to date. That he sees in our strong Constitutional executives, the President, the Governors, and the Mayors, a principle that Europe in its chaotic welter of parliamentarianism needs badly, — "absolute executive responsibility invested in one

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man," is only part of his overwhelming tribute. And that in contrast to our own Jeremiahs and *intelligentsia*, he finds us a "happy people," the happiest white people in the world, is a phase of his study that is justified by the facts. There are some blind spots in the book, and, at times, particularly when discussing religion, Belloc seems a veritable *enfant terrible*. Nevertheless the book is a real tonic and goes far as an antidote to offset the maudlin propaganda which is devoted to pointing out the beauties of internationalism and the alleged all-round incompetency of America and Americans, politically, socially and culturally.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Grim and Colorful

We have had many personal impressions of Africa in recent years, but generally these have been from the angle of the hunter, the explorer, the missionary. Mr. Llewelyn Powys in BLACK LAUGHTER (Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.50) writes as an artist, a man of imagination and sentiment whom force of circumstances made first a farmer, then a cattle and sheep man on the veldt and in the Rift Valley of East Africa. Stranger than the tales he tells of men and beasts in that remote land must have seemed Powys himself, a consumptive European who made no bones of being a bad shot in a country where the first rule of life is to kill, — a man, sensitive and introspective, of serene thought rather than action.

One gathers that, with the innate tenacity of his kind, Powys never could quite free himself from the burden of his racial tradition. There is a delightful chapter in which he tells of his love for a black maiden encountered in a forest glade, the appeal her splendid youth and gaiety exerted on one exiled from all natural feminine associations. To buy this ebon hamadryad at a stipulated price of fifteen goats, ten sheep, and a heifer must indeed have been a temptation. In the English way he seriously considered marrying her. One almost regrets his scruples, but fortunately they prevailed.

Africa has cast her spell on Powys, as on many an other. He feels profoundly the fascination of the dark continent so teeming with incredible contrasts of loveliness and horror; better than any of his contemporaries, one may safely assert, he knows how to communicate a sense of its mysterious charm. Certain chapters have been previously published in essay form, but this does not, as is so often the case, detract from the unity of a work which is by its nature loosely constructed. Some there are who will cavil at his occasional use of good old Anglo-Saxon words. *Black Laughter* is not for those Van Wyck Brooks terms the "tender-minded." In the faculty of drawing a character with a minimum of strokes, making personalities live in the imagination, Powys excels. Under the mask of anonymity they are insistently real. Paul J. Rainey, the coke millionaire, receives less consideration, perhaps because he deserves less, for we are told his mind "was as innocent of thought as any of the animals he hunted." This vignette is a masterpiece of analysis and exposition.

His style for all its individuality reminds one of Hudson. To this reviewer's way of thinking he is as far removed from Defoe with whom the publishers choose to compare him as from Addison. Eschewing the staccato manner of the modern school he writes lucidly, without periphrasis, conveying ideas and images with an apparent lack of effort that is the acme of art. There are flashes of irony, but no humor, — a deficiency, it must be admitted, one never notices in the reading. *Black Laughter* is grim, colorful and intensely interesting.

DRAKE DEKAY.

New York City.

Culture in the Old South

It is a charming piece of biography and an informative account of the development of culture in the old South which John Donald Wade presents in his book AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET (Macmillan, $4.00). The post-revolutionary period down to the conclusion of the Civil War is considered, the social economic and political backgrounds of the South serving the purpose of tracing the life and career of one of the finest characters that graced the old régime. He who was to become a noted lawyer, teacher, college president, preacher and author began life as a political and religious skeptic. History

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written in terms of military commanders, statesmen and party leaders appeared to him to leave humanity out of the unfolding drama of social evolution. As a student of law Augustus Longstreet even questioned the representative system based upon arbitrary lines drawn upon the map and anticipated some modern suggestions by expressing his belief in frank representation of social groups and interests. His rejection of Christianity survived until middle age when mature reflection and some profound emotion experiences led him to become an ardent opponent of Satan and all his works.

In a social order where opinions and institutions were shaped to serve the needs of the plantation system, Judge Longstreet forgot his early intellectual wanderings and became a pillar of his beloved State of Georgia. His *Georgia Scenes*, a collection of short stories and sketches, brought him a reputation as a humorist and as a sympathetic interpreter of southern life in all its aspects. Throughout his life he was inspired with the hope that the South would emancipate itself from dependence upon the work of northern writers but in this he was disappointed. Time after time he contributed to promising southern reviews which maintained a precarious existence only to disappear after pathetic appeals to southern support and patriotism. The old society of the South provided no encouragement for arts and letters. A rich cultural life for this section remained a hopeless prospect for its few devotees.

The declining days of the old order as reflected in the life of Longstreet are pathetic in the extreme. But his mood changed with the changing fortunes of the South. As conflict with the North appeared certain he ranged himself with sincere devotion by the side of the "fire-eaters." Too old to serve in the army he seriously thought of boarding Yankee ships in the harbor of Charleston and blowing them up! Then war and certain evidence of southern defeat, sorrow, resignation and reconciliation. Nay, even admission that probably it was well that God should decree that slavery should pass away. In mellowed old age he even interpreted his faith in terms of a warless world, peace and plenty for mankind. One wonders whether on his death bed he had a vision of this when he whispered to his daughter, "Look, Jennie, look!"

Richmond Hill, N. Y. J. O.

Most Modest Autobiography

There is such a variety of subject matter in Charles R. Flint's book, MEMORIES OF AN ACTIVE LIFE (Putnam's, $5.00) that it is small wonder the author chose as a secondary title, *Men, and Ships, and Sealing Wax*. Topically and geographically it has amazing scope; one chapter goes behind the scenes of history-making events of the Russo-Japanese War, during which Mr. Flint was sent several times to Russia on secret missions; there follows an absorbing account of the overthrow of the Brazilian Monarchy in 1890, and of the almost immediate establishment of the Republic of Brazil. In both of these happenings, as unofficial adviser to James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, Mr. Flint played an important part. One learns about an organization dubbed *Hiraf* which was founded for the acknowledged sole purpose of testing human credulity. Such was the irreverent origin of the American Theosophical Society.

In the minds of a multitude of readers there is a deep-rooted prejudice against autobiographies, for the "I" in them is often so stressed as to irritate one to the point of being unable to judge fairly the scanty "I-less" portion of the book. Mr. Flint evidently senses the fact, for he seemingly has tried to bend over backwards in a determined effort to escape this pitfall. This modest account of his eventful life may well serve as a model for future autobiographers.

Chicago, Ill. RITA WATROUS.

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THE REVEREND G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

Affectionately remembered by all British ex-service men as "Woodbine Willie", Chaplain of the King of England, and the "National Messenger" of the commission of the Archbishop of Canterbury to bring labor into the Church

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ARTHUR TRAIN

Whose "Billionaire Era" begins in this number of THE FORUM

(Photograph by Pirie MacDonald)

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ZONA GALE

The Wisconsin novelist and playwright who has temporarily abandoned literature to take the stump in support of the candidacy of the Wisconsin statesman: La Follette

(Photograph by Paul Thompson)

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JEFFERSON MOSLEY

Author of "The Secret at the Crossroads," unanimously awarded the $1000 prize for the best short story submitted in THE FORUM'S *contest for 1924*

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